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MAKING THE BEST
OF OUR CHILDREN



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SECOND SERIES

MARY WOOD-ALLEN

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



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**MAKING THE BEST OF
OUR CHILDREN**

SECOND SERIES

Making the Best of Our Children

Second Series

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE

BY

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M.D.

EDITED BY ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN



CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1909

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DEDICATED
TO
THE LITTLE GRANDCHILDREN WHOM SHE SO
TENDERLY LOVED
HELEN, ALAN, AND BRUCE

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I
FOURTH OF JULY
(NINE YEARS)

MAKING THE BEST OF OUR CHILDREN

Second Series

FOURTH OF JULY

(NINE YEARS)

“**T**ICKETS!” said the conductor.

The boy, who was looking out of the window, turned quickly and handed up his ticket with a smile that was quite appealing to the conductor, who, having children of his own, felt greatly interested in all little people. He punched the ticket and stuck it in the boy's hat-band, — a compliment which quite touched the little fellow's feeling of manliness, who straightened himself up, and looked at the conductor as one man at another.

“Travelling alone?” asked the conductor, kindly.

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"Yes," said the boy. "I'm nine years old," he added, in friendly confidence, "and I'm going into the city to see my grandma."

"Oh, I thought grandmas always lived in the country," said the conductor, sympathetically.

"Mine does n't. She lives in the city, and I'm going to stay as long as I want to; and you bet I'll stay till after the Fourth," he added with emphasis.

"I hope you will have a very pleasant time," said the conductor, as he passed on.

Roy had made the same emphatic statement so often at home that every one had taken it for granted that he would keep his word. Mamma was, therefore, somewhat surprised to receive a postal card from him which read:

DEAR MAMMA, — The city won't let us have any fireworks on the Fourth. I am coming home on Friday.
Roy.

Mamma smiled as she handed the postal to Aunt Nell, who, after reading it, said:

"It is very evident why Roy is coming home on Friday. He thinks he can have all the fireworks he wants here."

Fourth of July

"Yes," said mamma, "and that is what troubles me. I dread the Fourth of July, — more especially now," she added, with a downward glance at her black dress.

Aunt Nell understood the anxiety of the young widow's heart, and said, quickly: "I believe, Kate, that we could induce Roy to give up the idea of fire-crackers. He is a reasonable child; and, if we explain to him the dangers and your own feelings, I am sure he will readily yield to your wishes."

"Perhaps," said mamma, with another sigh; "but I fear he would think me very cruel if I insisted on his giving up all fireworks, and I can't bear to have him think me unkind. But I know I shall not have one minute's peace from dawn to dark on that dreadful day. I wish there could be some way invented to amuse small boys without running so many risks. With girls, it is different. Bessie, of course, is fond of noise, but I know I could interest her in other things. I am afraid I shall fail if I undertake it with Roy."

"It can be done, Kate, I know it can," said Aunt Nell; and then she proceeded to give

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mamma an outline of a Fourth of July celebration for the children which should be without "smoke" and without "danger."

On the afternoon of the third, Roy quite unexpectedly presented himself, flushed and perspiring with the long walk and the exertion of carrying his grip.

"Why, Roy," exclaimed mamma, as she kissed his flushed face, "did you walk from the station? Why did n't you take the car?"

"Why, mamma, the car had just gone, and I could n't wait for the next. Now give me some money and let me go and buy some fire-crackers."

"I think you need not be in such great haste," said mamma. "There is plenty of time. Just sit down and cool off a little, and tell me all about grandma; and, when you are cool enough, I will make you a glass of lemonade."

With this refreshment in view, Roy consented to sit still and tell mamma about his visit. In a few moments Aunt Nell came in, carrying in her hand the afternoon paper, which she had picked up on the porch.

"The horrors have begun," she said. "Listen

Fourth of July

to this" — and she read an account of an accident in which one boy had lost a finger and another would probably lose an eye through the explosion of giant fire-crackers.

"Why, that means Willie Pelham and Bob Norton," exclaimed Roy, "they are both in my class. I 'spect they held the crackers in their hands. I never do that. There is n't a bit of need of anybody's getting hurt, if they will only be a little careful."

"But sometimes," said mamma, "people who get hurt are not using fire-crackers themselves. I remember a little girl who was walking along the street where some boys were throwing fire-crackers, and one of them fell on her and set fire to her dress. She was burned so badly before the fire could be put out that she died in a few hours."

"Well," said Roy, "you can keep Bessie in the house. Boys' clothes don't burn so easily, and I 'll be careful not to throw fire-crackers on other girls. And, then," he added, "if you can't have fire-crackers, there are toy pistols. They can't hurt anybody."

"I have read," said Aunt Nell, "that the toy

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pistol is one of the most dangerous of inventions. I don't know how many hundred cases of lock-jaw were reported last year as the result of wounds from toy pistols."

"What is lockjaw, mamma?" asked Roy.

"Oh, it is a nervous disease which comes from a poisoned wound. The person afflicted has convulsions, and the teeth are locked together so tightly that they cannot be opened, and they die. The serious injuries from the use of toy pistols cannot be counted up the day after the Fourth of July, for in many cases the lockjaw does not show itself until months after."

"Well," said Roy, stoutly, "at any rate, there are torpedoes. They can't hurt anybody."

At this moment a delivery wagon drew up in front of the next house, and the boy, jumping down from it, threw the lines on the dash-board and disappeared around the side of the house. A little girl, seven or eight years old, was left sitting in the wagon. A moment later a boy came along the street, and threw a torpedo forcibly down just in front of the horse. The sudden explosion startled the animal and it was off like a flash. The delivery boy heard the rattle of

Fourth of July

wheels, and rushed out too late to be of any service. The horse dashed around the corner, the wagon was overturned, and the child thrown to the ground.

Roy witnessed the accident, and ran at once to the spot. A crowd gathered about; the child was taken up and carried to the nearest house. In a few minutes, Roy returned with a very serious face.

"It was our groceryman's little girl," he said, "and she does n't know anything, and they think her leg is broken."

"How did it happen?" asked mamma.

"Oh, a fool boy threw a torpedo and scared the horse," replied Roy, in a disgusted tone.

"I thought you said torpedoes did n't do any harm," said Aunt Nell, with a mischievous look.

"Well, they would n't if folks would only use them decently."

"To be sure," said mamma; "but that is the trouble all around. It is because people are thoughtless and careless that all these accidents occur, and that is what makes me so anxious."

"Well, mamma," said Roy, at last, "can't we

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have fireworks, then? Is n't there any way we can celebrate the Fourth of July except just to sit still? We had fireworks last year. I don't see why we can't this year."

"Yes," said mamma, sadly, "but last year we had papa to take care of you."

Roy gave a little start; for he remembered now that he was the man of the household, and he had promised himself to take care of mamma.

"All right," he said. "I don't see why there can't be some way of celebrating the Fourth without people's getting hurt."

"Come in, and have your glass of lemonade," said mamma, and, as they walked into the house, she asked, "Do you know what the Fourth of July means?"

"What the Fourth of July means!" exclaimed Roy. "Why, it's a day when we have fireworks and all sorts of gunpowder things."

"Well," said mamma, "we will take the lemonade out under the trees, and I will call Bessie, and Aunt Nell will tell you what the Fourth of July means."

So, sitting in hammocks and on the grass under the shade of the apple boughs, the little

Fourth of July

party listened while Aunt Nell told the story of the beginning of our nation.

"So, you see," she said at the close, "the Fourth of July means the celebration of our beginning to be a great and free people. Now, does it seem to you that burning fire-crackers and doing so many things to destroy life and property is a very sensible way to celebrate such a great historical event as the founding of a nation?"

"To-morrow morning a great many people will wake up well, who to-morrow night will be either dead, or blinded, or crippled and lying on beds of pain. We are very anxious that neither of our children shall be among those suffering ones, and mamma and I have a plan for you to have a Fourth of July celebration which shall be without danger."

The children listened eagerly to the proposed plan, and both agreed that it would be far more sensible than burning gunpowder.

"We don't want to hurt any one, do we?" said Bessie.

"'Course not," responded Roy. "We've got more sense."

Making the Best of Our Children

With mamma's help, a number of invitations were delivered that evening, which were written after the following model:

Miss Helen Martin is cordially invited to attend a "Smokeless celebration" of the Fourth of July, from three to seven, at the home of Roy and Bessie Beecher.

The rest of the afternoon was occupied in elaborating plans for the celebration of the morrow, and the forenoon of the Fourth was made very busy in carrying out the plans. In the first place, the children had to go to the grocery, and make selections of refreshments. Then a number of little flags were to be purchased, also Chinese lanterns, and a number of yards of red, white, and blue cambric. The cambric had to be cut in strips, some of it wide enough to be festooned around various rooms and some of it narrow enough to simulate ribbons with which to decorate the table under the apple trees.

Lanterns were to be hung; and mamma, Roy, and Bessie were kept very busy. Aunt Nell had mysteriously hidden herself in her own room, after making a short trip down town. No one

Fourth of July

knew, not even mamma, what she was doing there; but every one was sure that it was something which would add to the happiness of the day.

After dinner, the children were dressed and the final touches put to the house decorations, and then the little company began to arrive. Each child was given a large rosette of red, white, and blue ribbon, to be pinned on the left shoulder, and a small flag. Then mamma gathered them all around her at the piano, and they sang "America." The children had learned the words in school, and they sang it with vim. After this Aunt Nell played a march, and the children marched, swinging their flags, through the parlor, hall, sitting-room, and dining-room, with much laughter and merriment. Then they adjourned to the lawn. Here mamma had put up three stout hammocks, each of which would safely hold two or three of the children. Mamma and Aunt Nell were seated in the centre of the circle. Then Aunt Nell read a Fourth of July story; and mamma told of a Fourth of July supper which she had given to a number of young people in Scotland, who had

Making the Best of Our Children

never seen a "strawberry shortcake." After this, the children sang songs and recited poems and amused themselves quietly for a little time. Then they played tag and other lively games upon the lawn, until the ringing of the bell announced that the banquet was served.

Beside each plate was placed a tiny bell, which explained Aunt Nell's mysterious seclusion. Her morning trip had been to purchase a bell for each child. On one side she had painted the date "July Fourth, 1776," and on the other a mark to represent the crack in the original "Liberty Bell"; and, though the work had been done so recently, Aunt Nell had put enough dryer in her paint to insure its being perfectly dry. She had a model of the original "Liberty Bell," and told the children its story, of how it rang at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and how, when it had become cracked, it had been put aside with a lot of useless rubbish until the visit of the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII of England, to the country many years ago. The bell was shown to him, and, when he was told its history, he expressed his wonder that the American people did not

Fourth of July

recognize it as a precious relic. So, through his influence, the bell was rescued from oblivion and placed upon a pedestal in "Liberty Hall."

These tiny bells were given to the children as souvenirs of this "smokeless celebration" of our independence. The table was decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons, and red, white, and blue flowers, and there were a number of little cakes in the top of which were stuck tiny flags.

"It is a red, white, and blue dinner," said little Helen. "Just see, there are white chicken sandwiches and red strawberries."

"But nothing blue to eat," cried Paul Freeman.

"Just you wait," said Roy.

And, sure enough, soon Hannah appeared, bringing dishes of red and white ice-cream and a basket heaped with little blue packages tied with red and blue ribbons. When these packages were opened, each was found to contain a generous slice of angel's food, and a parcel of tri-colored tissue paper, which, when unfolded, was discovered to be a cap large enough to be worn; and soon each childish head was decorated.

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The flags taken from the little cakes were pinned upon the right shoulders of the children, who, taking their little "Liberty Bells," left the table waving their larger flags and singing "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue."

As soon as it began to be dusk, the Chinese lanterns were lighted; and another very happy hour passed in pleasant games. Then Aunt Nell marshalled them all in one grand procession; and, with ringing of bells, fluttering of flags, and singing of songs, each child was escorted to his home, and at length only Aunt Nell, Roy, and Bessie were left to wend their way back to the scene of the celebration.

"Is n't it like a fairyland?" said Bessie, as they saw the lawn lighted with Chinese lanterns.

"It has been the nicest Fourth of July I ever had," said Roy.

"Me, too," cried Bessie, enthusiastically, if ungrammatically; "and there was nobody hurt," she added.

"And that was the best of all," said mamma.

II
INJUSTICE *VERSUS* JUSTICE
(NINE YEARS)

II

INJUSTICE *VERSUS* JUSTICE

(NINE YEARS)

No. 1

“**M**AMMA, may I go over to Alice’s and play this afternoon?”

Mrs. Cartwright was very tired and somewhat irritable, and so answered without giving the subject a moment’s consideration.

“No, you can’t. You stay at home and behave yourself.”

After some pouting and demurring, the girl went to her play. An hour later, Mrs. Cartwright, looking out of the window, saw that Clara had disobeyed, and was over in Alice’s yard playing very happily. Mrs. Cartwright was somewhat rested, and, after the first moment of irritation, said to herself, “Well, the minx has disobeyed me after all, but the children seem to be having a very nice time, so I guess

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I will just let her alone, and when she comes home I will punish her." By supper-time she had forgotten the disobedience, and nothing was said about it. Two days later the same thing occurred, and again the mother said nothing.

A few days after this, Clara went over to Alice's without asking permission. On this occasion, Mrs. Cartwright was more than usually vexed about something else, and was quite offended at her little daughter's disregard for her wishes. Going to the front gate, she called angrily, "Clara, Clara, come here immediately. I did not tell you you could go over to Alice's, and you have no business to go without my permission. Twice lately you have disobeyed me, and I did not punish you for it, but I am going to punish you now. I will teach you that you have got to pay some attention to what I say. Hurry up now, and you'd better take that frown off your face immediately. I am not going to have a sulky, disobedient girl; and you need not cry, or I will give you something to cry about."

By this time the child had reached her mother,

Injustice versus Justice

who seized her by the arm and marched her into the house, scolding all the way, and inside the door began to box her ears, after which she told the little girl she should have no supper that night and sent her to bed, although it was not yet dark. Here the child lay sobbing and saying to herself, "It's just real mean, so it is. One day she lets me disobey her and she does not mind it a bit. To-day I did not disobey her, for she did not tell me I could not go; and then she gave me a whipping. I'll run away the next chance I get, and I won't come back, either." And so, with a feeling of anger and a sense of injustice, the child sobbed herself to sleep.

No. 2

"MAMMA, may I go over and play with Mabel?"

Mrs. Hillis looked up from her work pleasantly, and, after thinking a moment, said gently:

"No, little daughter, I shall have to keep you at home this afternoon. Some other day you may go over and play with Mabel."

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Doris ran cheerfully out into her own yard. Half an hour later Mrs. Hillis glanced across the street and saw that she had been disobeyed, and that Doris was over playing with Mabel. She hesitated a moment, and then said to herself: "I must find some way to strengthen that child's memory. She probably did not think she was disobeying, but she must be taught to think. I will wait until the opportune time comes, however, when I can talk with her without irritation." So she did not call Doris home.

At supper-time everything was pleasant, and not a word was said about disobedience; but at bedtime, when Mrs. Hillis went to say good-night, she sat down by the bed and said, gently:

"How did it happen that you went over to Mabel's after I had told you that you must not go?"

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Doris, eagerly, "I just went over for a minute to see her new doll."

"It does not matter whether you stayed one moment or one hour, it was disobedience all the same."

Injustice versus Justice

"Well, mamma, I forgot," pleaded the little girl.

"Yes," said the mother, "but I must find a way to help you to remember. I have been thinking the matter over, and I have decided that for to-morrow and the next day you can neither have visitors nor go away from home."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Doris, in great distress, "but to-morrow Edith has her party. You know I must go to that."

Mrs. Hillis paused, for her heart was very tender toward the little girl whose disobedience did not seem so very great after all. She wanted the child to have all the pleasure possible, but she remembered that sometimes the surest way to bring lasting pleasure is to inflict temporary punishment; and so, with this wider thought of the happiness of her child and of retaining her own influence over the little girl, she said:

"You would not like to have a mother whom you could not believe, would you?"

"Why, no, mamma," exclaimed Doris, in surprise.

"Well," continued Mrs. Hillis, "I told you

Making the Best of Our Children

that you could not go anywhere or have any company for two days, and I must keep my word."

"But, mamma, you could change your mind," pleaded the little girl.

"Yes, dear; but if I could be induced to change my mind about something in order to please you, I might some time be induced to change my mind in regard to something which would not please you, and you would begin to say to yourself, 'Well, I wish I could know what mamma means. She changes her mind so often that I am never sure of anything.' I am sorry to have you miss Edith's party, but I should be sorrier to have you lose confidence in me; and so, having said — and I did not say it without giving the matter a good deal of thought — that you must stay at home and have no visitors, I must keep my promise; then, when I promise you something that is pleasant, you will be able to trust me."

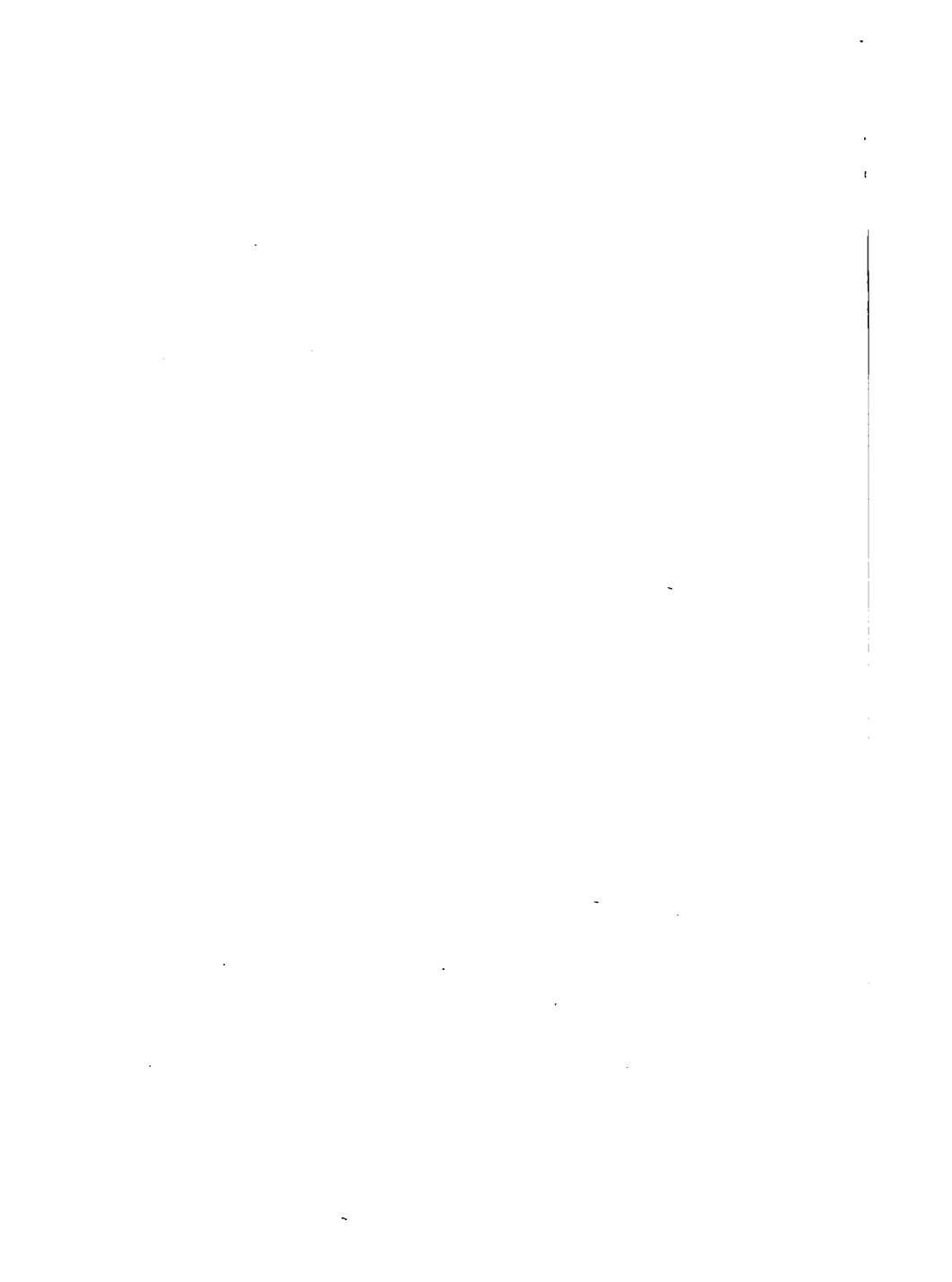
Doris began to sob and talk of the delights promised by Edith to the guests at her party. Mrs. Hillis listened sympathetically, and said:

"It is a great loss, dear daughter, but if it

Injustice versus Justice

teaches you to remember, it will be worth what it costs you. I am sorry you must miss so much pleasure, but I am much sorrier that I could not trust my little girl to obey me."

Doris threw her arms around her mother's neck, saying penitently: "I am sorry I forgot, mamma, and you may trust me next time, for I am sure I will remember. You will forgive me, won't you, mamma dear?" And with a sweet kiss of forgiveness upon her lips, the child went to sleep, feeling that she had been justly treated, and that the punishment was a natural consequence of her own disobedience.



III

INFLUENCING A BOY'S FUTURE

(NINE YEARS)

III

INFLUENCING A BOY'S FUTURE

(NINE YEARS)

No. 1

THE pantry door was shut with a bang and there was a scurrying of little feet over the kitchen floor and out upon the porch, making clear to Mrs. Walworth that some one was fleeing from wrath to come.

One glance into the pantry revealed sufficient cause for flight, and aroused her anger. An hour before she had arranged a fine row of pies, cakes, and cup custards upon the pantry shelf in preparation for company. Some mischievous fingers had been meddling with pies and cakes and custards, and the devastation, to a good housewife, was appalling.

Without stopping to repair damages, Mrs. Walworth flew out of the kitchen, and, with an instinct born of former experiences, steered

Making the Best of Our Children

straight for the woodpile behind which she found the little culprit cowering in fear.

"Come in here, you little nuisance, and see what you have done!"

Emphasizing each statement with slaps on the face, head, or body, she continued: "Look there, little thief, and see how you've spoiled my company cakes. You ought to be whipped within an inch of your life, skimming the brown top off my custards, and making holes in my pies. I never thought my son would steal."

"I did n't steal, mamma, I —"

"Now don't be a liar as well as a thief. I'll tell your father when he comes home that our little boy is a thief and a liar. You'd better hang your head. You ought to be ashamed. I'm ashamed of you. Now you come upstairs with me."

To an accompaniment of blows from the hand of the irate mother, the child was marched upstairs, and the punishment completed by a sound castigation with a switch, each blow emphasized by some unpleasant epithet. The struggling boy grew angrier with every blow,

Influencing a Boy's Future

and crept into his bed muttering sullenly to himself.

Hearing his mutterings, his mother commanded silence. "Just you keep still. You've nothing to be mad about. I'm the one to be angry, and I tell you, if you do such a thing again, I'll give you something to pout about. You remember that, you little thief — before I'd be a thief — " and so the mother went down to remove the tracks of the mischievous fingers and make ready to receive her guests, with no thought but one of anger towards her little sullen lad who lay cowering in his bed, and promising himself, "I'll lick her when I am a man, see if I don't."

As time flew by, John Walworth became so used to such epithets as "thief" and "liar," used by his mother to characterize his childish wrongdoings, that in time they lost their awfulness.

If taking a piece of cake was stealing, it was n't such a terrible crime, after all. The boys called it "swiping," and that made it seem like a bit of cleverness. If his mother was always suspecting him of lying, he might just

Making the Best of Our Children

as well have the fun of deceiving her when he could, as always to suffer from false accusation.

Thus hardened, the boy advanced day by day from petty thievery to larceny, from small equivocations to a life of constant deception. The end must come to all things some time, and one day John Walworth was arrested on the charge of burglary. It was discovered at the trial that this was but the culmination of a series of crimes. The revelation of his life made at that time completely crushed his mother, who could not understand why "her boy" should have gone astray.

No. 2

MRS. NORRIS looked with dismay at the row of dainties so lately placed upon the pantry shelf, perfect in every way — now ragged and disordered by meddlesome fingers. It was not difficult for the mother to decide who was the culprit. It was her dear little Andy, so prone to just such mischief, punished so often, and always promising to do better. It was discouraging, and this time particularly trying,

Influencing a Boy's Future

as the cakes and pies were in preparation for company.

Andrew had been carefully trained, but had lately developed a love for pilfering food. Mrs. Norris had talked, explained the sin of taking that which was not one's own, and Andrew had shed tears and made fair promises, only to break them at the first temptation.

Then the mother had talked with him very seriously, had shown him that there was danger that in time he might become a thief, and Andrew, much disturbed, had consented that both feet and hands should be tied for a time to help him remember.

It had been a long time since then, and the mother had begun to feel that the evil habit had been overcome; but the tempting array of good things had evidently been too much for him, and he had again forgotten.

She was grieved, and, it must be confessed, a little angry that her dainty foods had been rendered unfit to place before her guests. If Andrew had been present, she might have found it hard to restrain her wrath; and yet it was grief that most moved her. With her lips

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tightly closed, and eyes that would fill with tears, she set about removing the traces of depredation, thinking over the means she must use to help her boy "remember."

Back of the woodpile Andrew sat in deep dejection, experiencing the pangs of remorse, and wondering what mother would do. She would be very sorry, he knew, and she would have to punish him, but how? He trembled as he thought of a possible whipping. He had been taught to believe that whipping was a most humiliating form of punishment, to be used only upon that class of people who could not be induced to control their desires. He had gloried in the fact that he had never needed a whipping, but now — would he be able to say that much longer? He had tried mother's patience beyond endurance; he had not been manly. The tears came as he thought it all over, and if mother had come with a whip he would have welcomed both as a release from the tortures of self-accusation.

But mother did not come. The afternoon passed and Andrew still sat there alone. He saw ladies come in at the gate and he knew they

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were the company for whom mother had made the good things which he had spoiled.

The tea-bell rang, and slowly Andrew went to the house. Mother met him at the door. She looked sad, but spoke gently, as she said, "Wash your face, dear, and get ready for supper."

At tea-table Andrew sat next to Miss Payne, of whom he was very fond. As the cake was passed, she noticed that Andrew had apparently been overlooked. With a pleasant smile she laid a piece of cake on his plate, saying:

"Little boys love cake, I know, and we must not forget them."

Andrew knew that the cake was not for him. He glanced at his mother, but she shook her head and said nothing. It was the same with all the nice things. Mrs. Norris did not prevent their being put on Andy's plate, but Andrew knew that his supper must consist of bread and milk, which his mother gave him. After the company had gone, Mrs. Norris and Andrew had a long talk.

"You remember, dear, that we agreed the last time you were so naughty, that the next

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time some severer punishment must be used, for we could not allow you to grow up to be a bad man, and perhaps get into jail some day. I had hoped you had succeeded in controlling your desires, but I see that this temptation was too much for you, and so I must be true to my agreement."

"Are you going to whip me, mother? Can't you forgive me just this once more?"

"I could forgive you, but do you think I ought to? Would it be just to you? Would it be keeping our word? I think we shall have to use the whip this time, but you can be a brave boy and take your punishment like a man."

"But, mother, I could not say then that I had never been whipped in my life. I want to be able to say that when I'm a man. If you'll forgive me this once, I know I'll remember."

"You think so now, but you knew when you took the cake and skimmed the custards that you were breaking your promise to me. Now I must not break mine to you. We will go upstairs."

Andy mounted the stairs reluctantly, but no more so than the mother, who followed, whip in

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hand. Not a word was spoken, until the little lad was ready for bed. Then Mrs. Needham said :

“What part of you was naughty?”

“My thought, mother.”

“But what part of your body?”

“My hands — and feet.”

“Then we will whip these. Hold out the hand that was naughty.”

“Both were naughty.”

So both were held out bravely to meet the stinging cuts of the whip, for Mrs. Norris knew that the whipping must be real, not pretended. Then the slender switch curled cuttingly around the bare feet that had taken the boy to naughtiness. Andy made no outcry, but his face grew red and his lips quivered with pain and shame.

At last the torture to mother and child was over, and the mother, throwing her arms around the lad's neck, wept a few tears on his curly head.

Then, drawing him to his knees by her side, she said a few words of earnest prayer that his “naughty thought” might be changed to a good thought, the good-night kiss was given, and the child tucked into bed.

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As the mother bent over him to give one last kiss, the little arms reached up and clasped themselves around her neck with a whispered, "I love you, mother." Then, as the arms unclasped, he said ruefully:

"It's awful hard for little boys to be good, is n't it, mother?"

"It's hard for anybody, dear."

"Not for you, mother; you are always good."

"Yes, hard for me, too. We all have to keep trying, and making mistakes, and trying again; but our Heavenly Father is kind and does not leave us without His love."

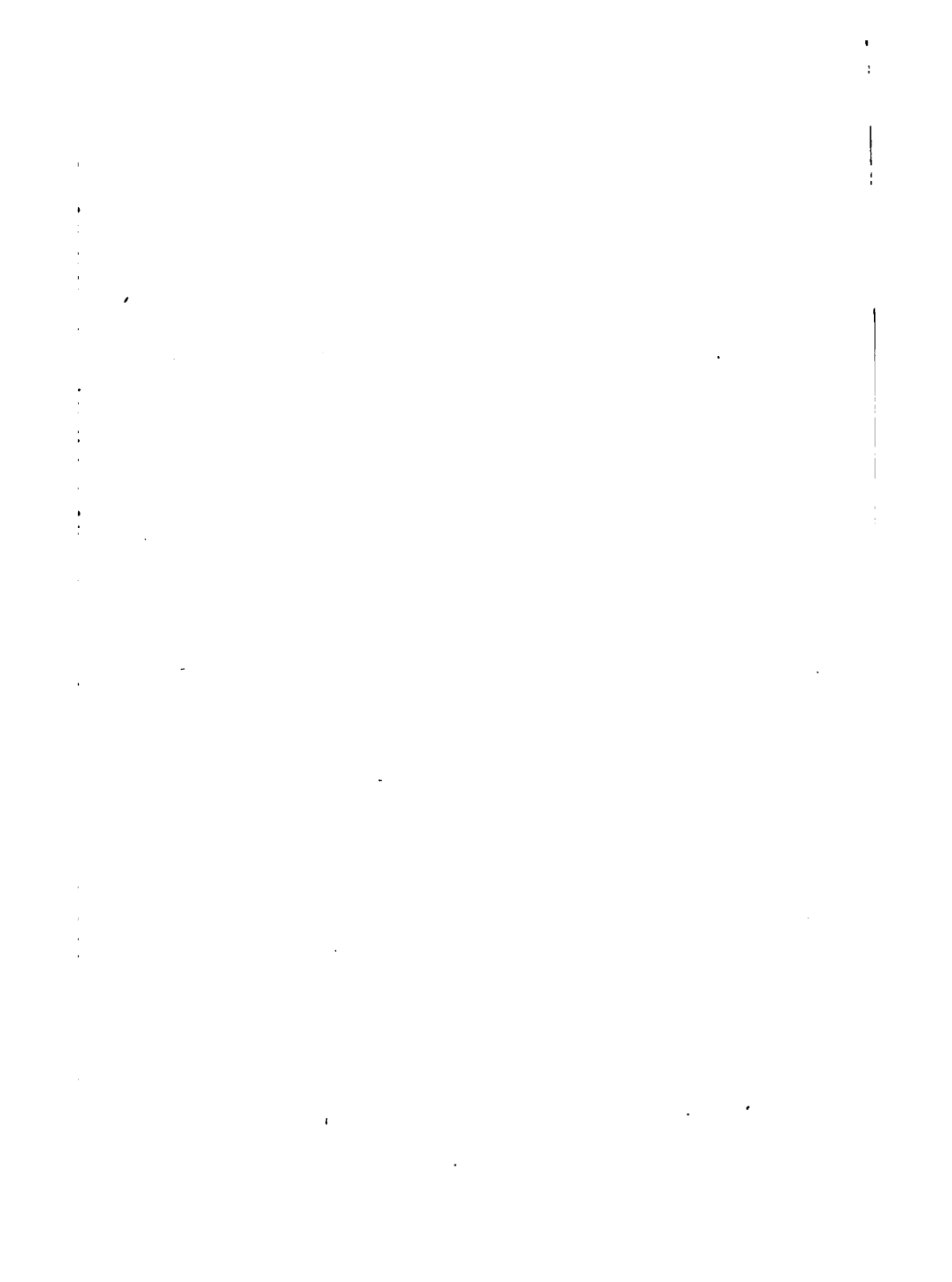
"Does He punish you when you are naughty, mother?"

"Yes, dear. He loves us too well to let us escape punishment, for He knows that is the way to teach us to remember."

"I'm so glad you understand all about it, mother, and you know that I do try, even if I don't always remember."

As the mother went downstairs and the child was left to himself, he whispered, "She's such a good mother."

IV
THE CARELESS AND THE CAREFUL
BOY
(TEN YEARS)



IV
THE CARELESS AND THE CAREFUL
BOY

(TEN YEARS)

No. 1

IT was Monday afternoon, the washing was finished, the kitchen scrubbed, and Mrs. Brand had changed her dress and was putting on a clean apron preparatory to getting supper. She was looking with especial pride at the immaculate floor of the kitchen, when suddenly the door opened and Morris, her ten-year-old son, came hastily in and ran across the kitchen with muddy shoes which left unsightly marks upon the spotless floor. His haste, however, was arrested by his mother's irritated voice.

"Go right back this instant, Morris; you are such a careless boy. Don't you see how you are tracking up my clean floor?"

"But, mamma, I want to get my knife that Uncle Joe gave me, to show the boys."

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"I don't care what you want; you get right out of this kitchen this minute. Do you hear?"

With a sullen face, Morris turned and left the kitchen, muttering to himself, "Mean old thing!" and to the boys: "Mamma won't let me get the knife because I tracked her floor. I don't care; I would just like to track it all over, so I would. She never does let me have any fun."

Mrs. Brand heard the complaining words and her irritation was increased thereby, and she proceeded to wipe up the floor, her face clouded and her heart sore.

"I don't see how it is," she said to herself, "that Morris can treat me so unkindly and say such untrue things. I wait upon him all the time and think of nothing so much as of giving him pleasure. It seems to me he might once in a while consider the work he makes me."

No. 2

It was Monday afternoon, the washing was finished, the kitchen floor scrubbed, and Mrs. Brown had changed her dress and was putting

The Careless and the Careful Boy

on a clean apron preparatory to getting supper. She was looking with especial pride at the immaculate floor of the kitchen when the door suddenly opened and Will, her ten-year-old son, came hastily in and ran across the kitchen with muddy shoes which left unsightly marks upon the spotless floor. Mrs. Brown started with dismay and made a movement as if she would recall the boy, and then, as if changing her mind, she let him go on, saying no word of hindrance or reproach. He tramped noisily up the back stairs, through the hall to his room, leaving muddy tracks, she knew, at every step, but still she was silent. Down he came running again through the kitchen and out of doors, where she heard him dilating with pride on the beauty of the knife which Uncle George had given him. She waited some minutes until he had had time to hear all the exclamations of admiration which the knife called forth from his companions; waited until her own composure was fully restored, and then, stepping to the door, said:

“Will, supper will be ready soon and in five minutes I should like to have you come in, as I have something for you to do.”

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"All right, mamma," was the cheerful reply.

The five minutes were filled with a few last words with the boys, and then, flushed and eager, Will made his appearance in the kitchen.

"Will you please wipe your feet, my son?" said Mrs. Brown, pleasantly.

In looking down at his muddy feet Will caught sight of the tracks upon the floor. Mrs. Brown observed this, and said, "You notice how you have tracked up mamma's clean floor, don't you?"

"Did I do that, mamma?" asked Will, following with his eyes the footprints.

"You certainly did," his mother said, "and I think you could easily track yourself clear to your room. I have always cleaned up after you and removed the traces of your carelessness, but I have now come to the conclusion that it will be better for you to know just how much trouble your thoughtlessness makes. So I am going to help you to understand and to remember by having you clean up after yourself. Now that your shoes are perfectly dry, you may take the dustpan and this little brush broom and go up

The Careless and the Careful Boy

to your room and carefully sweep up all the mud which you find there and on the way."

Without a word of rebellion Will did as he was told, and, when he came downstairs, remarked,

"I would n't suppose that my shoes could have carried so much mud all up the stairs as they did."

"I am sure that is true," replied Mrs. Brown. "You did not suppose it possible. It is because I want you to know it, that I am letting you find it out. Now, bring the mop pail and fill it half full of clean water, and take this floor cloth, wring it out, and wipe up each footprint on the floor."

Will was a little awkward at first, but he was cheerful and willing, and made valiant attempts to remove the traces of his carelessness. Supper was fully ready before his task was done. When at last the floor cloth was rinsed clean, wrung out, and hung up, and the pail rinsed and put in its place, he had a very thorough comprehension of how much work a thoughtless boy can make for his mother.

"Now," said Mrs. Brown, as she kissed his flushed face, "you have repaired your mischief

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as far as you can, and I am sure you will be more careful another time, because I intend that every time you track up my clean kitchen floor you yourself shall remove all the muddy footprints instead of my doing it for you. You think that is fair, don't you?"

"Of course I do, mamma," replied the boy, heartily. "It is all right; but, you see, a boy can't understand it until he is made to do the work himself."

V

PROMPTNESS AT MEAL-TIME

(TEN YEARS)

V

PROMPTNESS AT MEAL-TIME

(TEN YEARS)

No. 1

“**C**OME, Tommy, get up, breakfast will be ready very soon,” Mrs. Burns called gently from the foot of the stairs.

“Yes ’m,” responded Tommy, sleepily.

Hearing no movement from the floor above, Mrs. Burns repeated her call a little more insistently.

“Now, Tommy, jump. Don’t dally, or I shall have to come up there and attend to you.”

Mrs. Burns hurried into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, not waiting for Tommy’s response, which was given as drowsily as before. Twice more during the preparation of breakfast Mrs. Burns called Tommy from the foot of the stairs, each time receiving Tommy’s reply, — the only acknowledgment he made of the call.

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When breakfast was put upon the table, Mr. Burns stepped to the foot of the stairs. "Thomas!" he said, peremptorily, "do you hear? Get up this minute. Don't make it necessary for me to come up and help you."

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, with the alertness of one who is wide awake; and soon the sound of his feet was heard as he moved hastily about the room.

Breakfast was well under way when he made his appearance in the dining-room, showing marks of a very hurried toilet.

"You don't deserve breakfast, Tommy," said Mrs. Burns, petulantly. "You are the most aggravating boy I ever knew. I call and call, and you answer, but you never make a move towards getting up until you are threatened with the whip. I should think you would be ashamed to treat your mother so unkindly."

"Well," replied Tommy, rather sullenly, "you know you never call me the right way. I don't like to be talked to as if I were a baby."

"That 's it," interrupted Mr. Burns. "You need to be talked to as if you were a savage or

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some sort of wild animal. I think after this I'll use the whip first, and words after."

At these words Tommy pushed his chair back from the table, and made a movement to rise.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Mr. Burns. "Sit down, sir, and eat your breakfast."

"It's too cold; I don't want it," said Tommy, still with a sullen look.

"Well, you'll eat it if you know what is good for you," asserted the father, with emphasis.

Thus commanded, Tommy reseated himself, still muttering about the unappetizing appearance of the food.

"It would n't be cold if you got up when you were called," said his mother. "You really ought n't to be allowed to have any breakfast."

"That's so," assented the father, "and if you are not up in time to-morrow morning, you will go without."

"I don't care," replied Tommy, rising from the table and leaving the room, still muttering.

"Where's Eddy?" asked Mr. Burns. "I suppose you are going to let him grow up in just the same way you have let Tommy grow up, to

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lie in bed and sleep until he is threatened with the whip."

"Oh, Eddy has been awake a long time," replied Mrs. Burns. "I thought he was almost dressed when I came downstairs."

"And what's he doing all this time?" asked the father.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Burns, impatiently. "Playing, I suppose."

She rose from the table and called from the foot of the stairs, "Eddy, why don't you come to breakfast?"

"All right, mamma, I'm coming," piped a childish voice from the upper regions.

The tramping of little feet was heard for a few minutes, and then came silence.

"I suppose I'll have to go after him," said the mother. "He has got to playing with something and forgotten."

"Well, I'd help him to remember," said the father. "You certainly are allowing these two boys to grow up very disobedient."

"How about you?" Mrs. Burns flung back over her shoulder as she started up the stairs.

Promptness at Meal-Time

In the upper room she found the little five-year-old Edward very busily engaged making a thick lather in the wash bowl. His hair, wet with the soapsuds, was plastered down by the side of his face, and he was trying now to make a foam stiff enough to blow about the room.

"Oh Edward! Edward!" exclaimed his mother, "look at your clean blouse and collar. Why will you get into such mischief?"

"Why, mamma, I was just washing my face and combing my hair and getting ready for breakfast."

"What have you been doing all the time since I went downstairs?"

"Why, I don't know," said the little boy. "I was playing hide and seek with sunbeams, and trying to catch some flies. I did n't know that I had been a long time."

Mrs. Burns seized the towel, and rather abruptly wiped the little face, absorbing some of the water from his hair and brushing it back with no gentle hand.

"Come, your father will be ready to go off to business, and Tommy has started for school. I don't know how you are ever going to be ready

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for school in time when you are old enough to go, if you don't get to be more business-like."

"Oh, of course I'll get ready when I'm old enough to go to school," said Edward. "It does n't matter so much now."

"It matters to me," said the mother, "it hinders me in my work, and frets me so that I never enjoy my breakfast. It does seem to me there ought to be some way by which boys could be taught to get up at a proper time in the morning."

Tommy's experience of a cold breakfast and threat of no breakfast did not influence him to arise in season the next morning. Mrs. Burns had fretted until her husband was quite out of patience, and, recalling the promise made the day before, declared that Tommy should have no breakfast. The lad did not seem particularly disturbed at this command, and going into the kitchen, he slipped quietly down the cellar stairs, and, with suspiciously bulging pockets, darted away to school, where he feasted upon the apples and doughnuts of which he had possessed himself in his trip through the cellar.

Promptness at Meal-Time

No. 2

Mrs. BURNS was a woman of good sense, but had never been taught anything about the governing of children. She realized very keenly that she failed completely in the training of her own. She also began to have her fears that in a very short time what little influence she had over the older boy would vanish. She could not govern him by force, and she seemed to be losing whatever influence she had previously possessed. She had a sort of feeling that there were better ways of governing children than by whipping, but her husband adhered to the old-fashioned idea that the rod mentioned in the Bible was an actual stick, and must be applied to the creating of physical pain in order to secure obedience.

A Mothers' Club was started in the village and Mrs. Burns was one of the most interested members. She was never absent from a meeting. She listened intently to the papers, joined in the discussions, and read at home all the magazines and books she could procure along the line of child-training. After some weeks of this faith-

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ful study, she seemed to receive an illumination which gave her a glimpse of the possibility of influencing her boys to right conduct without the infliction of corporal punishment.

She ventured to broach the subject to her husband, and was greatly disappointed that he could not at once see the matter as she was getting to see it. Mr. Burns did not approve of the plans which she outlined.

"Why don't you make Tommy go without his breakfast if he does n't get up in time?" he asked. "I guess that would bring him to his senses."

Mrs. Burns shook her head.

"I have thought of that," she said, "but I am afraid to try it. On one or two occasions, when he has been sent away from the table without breakfast, he has helped himself from the cupboard in the cellar, and I have heard," she added, a quick flush spreading over her face, "that he has been seen helping himself from the fruit-stands. I am afraid that would teach him deceit, if nothing worse." Then she outlined the plan which she herself had evolved.

"I do not believe you will accomplish it in

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that way," commented her husband. "You have to reach boys through their hide. I am convinced there is no other way. I think if I were to set about it to give these two youngsters a good switching every morning, they'd soon find themselves able to be up when breakfast was ready."

"That may be," replied his wife, "but in what frame of mind, do you think?"

"Oh, doubtless they would pout some, of course, that is to be expected; but they'd get over that."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Burns, thoughtfully. "I am afraid that sullenness would become a fixed habit. Won't you agree to try with me another plan? It will be very hard work, I know, to change in our methods after so many years; but if we are really in earnest and will work together, I believe we can do it."

"I guess the best thing I can do," replied Mr. Burns, "will be to keep out of the muss altogether. I promise not to interfere with you until you are ready to give up and admit that you have failed."

Compelled to be satisfied with this negative

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coöperation, Mrs. Burns devoted herself to thinking out a plan of action, and, in accordance with it, began a diplomatic attack upon the older boy.

"Tommy," she said, so sweetly that the lad had not the least intimation of any unpleasant meaning that might lie beneath her soft speech, "I really am beginning to think that you do not get sleep enough, it is such hard work for you to get up in the morning. I think if you could have another hour's sleep you would be very much better prepared for your school work, don't you think so?"

Tommy's face was glowing with appreciation of his mother's insight into his needs, but he thought it wiser not to manifest too much pleasure.

"Why, yes, mamma," he said, pausing between the words, "I guess it would do me good to get another hour's sleep."

"Your father and I have talked it over," said Mrs. Burns, "and we have concluded that, as a growing boy, you need more sleep; and, therefore, it is our duty to see that you get it. So we have decided that your bed-time shall be half-

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past seven instead of half-past eight." The smile faded from Tommy's face.

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed. "Why, that is Eddy's bed-time. You don't think I ought to go to bed when such a kid as he does, do you?"

"I did n't think so, Tommy, until I found that you must have more sleep. You know that an hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two after, and I see no way but to make your bed-time earlier. So to-night you will be ready to go to bed at half-past seven."

Tommy went out of the room muttering, and slammed the door after him, which was not a very hopeful beginning for the carrying out of Mrs. Burns' plans.

On his way to school Tommy had a happy thought. He would invite Dick Holmes to spend the evening with him, and that of course would necessitate his sitting up later. His mother had always yielded to his solicitations for a later bed-time when he had company. But Tommy had not compassed the change that had come over his mother, — had not realized how deeply she was in earnest.

When Dick Holmes made his appearance at

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seven o'clock she greeted him very kindly, and Tommy felt sure of a long and pleasant evening. But about twenty minutes after seven, Mrs. Burns said to the young visitor: "I am very sorry to disturb your pleasure, Dick, but Tommy's father and I have decided that he needs more sleep, and from this on his bed-time is to be at half-past seven. Of course, you don't need to go. Mr. Burns and I will be very glad to have you stay a little longer, but I am sure you will excuse Tommy, understanding that it is for his good that he should get extra sleep."

"Oh, certainly," spoke up the unsuspecting Dick, and, seeing no relenting on the faces of either parent, Tommy marched off to bed.

The next morning he was down to breakfast in time, and after a few days of promptness he had secured from his mother a repeal of the earlier bed-time and the restoration of the later hour upon condition that the promptness which he had manifested should be continued.

"The matter is wholly in your hands, my son," said his mother. "If to-morrow you find ten hours' sleep is enough for you, I shall be very glad to have you sit up until half-past eight."

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"I am quite sure it will be," was Tommy's cheerful reply; and his bright face promptly appearing at the breakfast-table day after day compelled Mr. Burns to admit that, in this instance at least, a method had been found quite as effective and much more agreeable than corporal punishment.

The problem which little Edward presented was a very different one, and therefore must be dealt with differently. He was a very imaginative child, of the motor type, and every little incident was to him a suggestion to be acted upon. He was always up early in the morning, and started to dress himself in the happiest manner possible, but the sight of a caterpillar, the flutter of a leaf, the dancing of a sunbeam, or any one of the score of possible interruptions to his work, was sufficient to lead him off in some new direction of thought or action, and the time went by unmarked by the busily occupied little child.

He never could be trusted to go on an errand, there were so many interesting things to see; and these suggested so many delightful things to do that there never was any telling when he

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would get home or whether he would have the slightest recollection of that for which he had been sent.

After much cogitation and discussion with her husband and after enlisting the coöperation of her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Burns began the attack upon the dallying habit of her little son. She had talked and threatened so much in the past and had so often failed to carry out her threats that her words had very little weight with the child. He realized that they were falling all around him, but he could make himself oblivious to them and follow his own devious ways.

Realizing this, Mrs. Burns held no preliminary conversation with Edward. One morning he was allowed to play uninterruptedly while dressing himself, and had not the slightest consciousness that the forenoon was half gone before he was ready to go downstairs. If he had thought of it at all, he would have noticed that his mother had not interrupted him this morning in his play. He had been allowed to spend all the time he wished in dressing himself. He went singing downstairs, expecting as usual to find his break-

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fast waiting for him, even though that of the rest of the family had been cleared away; but the table was empty, the house was in perfect order, and no one was to be found.

His cries of "mamma," resounded through the empty house. Realizing that he was hungry, he made a raid upon the bread box, only to find it empty. There were no cookies in the jar, and nothing in the ice box but uncooked food. He was appalled at the prospect. Where could mamma have gone? Had she left him to starve? He rushed out into the yard, crying at the top of his voice. The neighbor who had been prepared for this emergency heard him and tapped for him to come in.

"Why, what is the matter, Eddy?" she asked with solicitude.

"Mamma's gone away, and I have n't had any breakfast, and I can't find anything in the house to eat."

"Why, you poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson. "That is too bad. Where were you when the rest of the family had breakfast?"

"I suppose I was getting dressed. Mamma did n't call me."

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"Does she usually call you?" inquired Mrs. Jackson.

"Oh, yes, lots of times. She always has breakfast for me when I get downstairs, only this time she has n't. Can't you give me some breakfast, Mrs. Jackson? I am afraid I'll starve before mamma gets home."

"Well, you know, Edward, your mother does n't allow me to give you things to eat when you are over here. I could n't do it without her permission. You won't starve until mamma gets home. If I were you, I'd sit down by the front doorsteps and wait like a little man."

Thinking of nothing wiser to do, Edward followed the suggestion and was soon rewarded by seeing his mother appear. He ran to her with a piteous tale of impending starvation, but somehow she did n't seem as much concerned as usual.

"Oh, well," she said, "we'll have dinner in a couple of hours."

"But I'll starve to death before then, mamma; you know I shall."

"No, dear, I am very sure you won't. I think

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we can have a very happy time. I'll read to you and tell you some stories, or we can play cars."

So, very sympathetically, Mrs. Burns constituted herself a playmate for her little son. All his pleas for food, however, were met with a firm and gentle refusal.

"This is a new kind of restaurant," she would say, laughingly. "After the table is once cleared off, no meals are served until the next meal-time."

It was a very hungry little boy that sat down to dinner, and the remembrance of the long forenoon without breakfast made quite a deep impression upon even his volatile mind. The experience, repeated on the occasions when he allowed himself to play instead of preparing himself for breakfast, deepened the impression, until at last he became thoroughly convinced that if he intended to eat breakfast he must be business-like and be ready to eat with the family.

In a few weeks both boys had learned their lessons, and both were ready to sit down to breakfast with their parents.

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“It’s easy enough to do if you only want to do it,” said Tommy.

“Surely,” replied the father; “and your mother was wise enough to find a way to make you want to.”

VI
CHILDREN'S INDIVIDUALITY
(TEN YEARS)

VI

CHILDREN'S INDIVIDUALITY

(TEN YEARS)

No. 1

MISS FISHER was calling upon her old friend, Mrs. Martin, whom she had not seen since her marriage. The two ladies were engaged in an animated conversation when eight-year-old Ralph rushed into the room, exclaiming:

"Oh, mamma, Joe Benton has a new puppy, an awful nice one, and it only cost two dollars, and I can have one, too, if you'll only give me the money. Won't you, mamma? Do, please! I want it so bad." And the little fellow jumped up and down in his excitement.

"Softly, softly, my son. Don't you see the lady? This is my son, Ralph," Mrs. Martin continued, turning to Miss Fisher, who held out her hand to greet the lad.

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"Shake hands with Miss Fisher, Ralph," enjoined the mother.

Ralph obeyed in a perfunctory manner and immediately renewed his pleadings for the puppy. A long and animated discussion ensued, conducted with great earnestness on the part of the boy and with much sweetness on the part of the mother, ending at last in the decision to refer the matter to the father and to abide by his judgment.

When the lad had left the room, Mrs. Martin turned to her friend, saying, with a smile:

"I feel that I do not need to apologize for this interruption. I make it a rule never to let anything come between my children and me. I have come to feel that children are the most important members of the community and that their interests are paramount to everything else. I have been making quite a specialty of child-study lately and am trying to put my knowledge into practice. I have been thoroughly convinced that the child's individuality should be conscientiously regarded, his rights recognized, and he be treated with even more respect than adults. Of course, having no children of

Children's Individuality

your own, you may not agree with me at present; but if you are ever a mother, and especially if you study child-nature and development, you will see that I am right and admit that no interest should be allowed to divert the mother from her great duty of caring for the child."

Miss Fisher smiled, thinking that Mrs. Martin had evidently forgotten that she was a kindergarten and knew all about child-study and its philosophy. She did not call this to her friend's mind, however, but said, quietly,

"I suppose you have abolished corporal punishment from your discipline?"

"Most assuredly," was the emphatic reply. "We have no right to inflict pain in order to secure obedience. In fact, the less we coerce the child the better. We should not repress and restrict him, but allow him to blossom into spontaneous beauty along the line of his predilections. Oh, I tell you, my friend, the child is nearer heaven than we are and could lead us, if we were only wise enough to follow."

Miss Fisher made no reply, as she had no desire to enter into an argument, having learned

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by long observation that people never argue to learn but always to convince their opponent. The conversation therefore drifted off into other channels, but was soon interrupted again, this time by the entrance of a little girl.

"This is my little Louise," said Mrs. Martin.
"Louise, speak to Miss Fisher."

The child put her hand into that of Miss Fisher and then took her place by her mother's side, watching the visitor with great interest.

"She's my animated little interrogation point," said the mother, *sotto voce*, and Louise at once began to verify her title.

"Who is she, mamma?" she asked, without embarrassment.

"She is mamma's dear friend, whom she has not seen for many years."

"Do I know her?"

"No, dear. You never saw her before."

"Is she going to stay to supper?"

Mrs. Martin laughed as she turned to her friend, saying,

"The *naïveté* of these little ones is quite refreshing. Indeed, I'd be glad to have you stay to supper."

Children's Individuality

"Thank you," replied Miss Fisher, "I have several calls yet to make."

"Mamma," interrupted Louise, "is she old? Her hair is gray and she wears glasses."

Mrs. Martin put her arm around the child, saying very sweetly, "We don't talk about people's ages, my dear."

"Other folks do," asserted Louise. "Everybody asks me how old I am. Why should n't I ask her how old she is?"

Mrs. Martin smiled at her friend. "Unanswerable argument, is n't it?" Then, turning to the child, she said: "You don't call mamma old, do you? Miss Fisher and I were little girls together. Now don't you want to run and play? We want to visit."

"I don't want to play," replied Louise, "I want to hear you talk."

"Well, then, listen and keep quiet."

The child certainly obeyed the first part of the injunction, but not the last, for with startling frequency she interpolated her questions upon the matters discussed, among the most frequent being, "Was I there?" which reminded Miss Fisher of Riley's poem about Herbert Graham,

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who was always asking, "Was I there, maw?" and she felt like applying the criticism of the verses to the present occasion:

"Foolishest young 'un ever I saw.

'Was I there, maw! Was I there, maw!'"

Mrs. Martin, however, seemed to see nothing out of place in the queries, and answered each one with patience and minuteness.

At length the child seemed to feel that the conversation was beyond the scope of her interest, and propounded a query foreign to the subject.

"Mamma, may I take my new doll over to Margie's house?"

"No, dear, not to-day."

"But why not, mamma? Why can't I? She's never seen it, and she wants to ever so bad."

"Well, my dear, I think it best for you not to go this afternoon."

"But why?"

"Well, in the first place, you are not dressed to go."

"I can put on another dress, mamma."

"Your hair is untidy."

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"Well, I can bring a comb here and you can braid it over again."

"But I am not sure that Mrs. Amsden would like to have you come."

"Oh, she won't care. She likes me to come."

"I'm afraid you'd break your doll."

"Oh, I would n't. I'd be careful."

And so the arguments continued, until at last the matter was compromised by Mrs. Martin's agreeing to dress Louise later and go with her to call on Mrs. Amsden and Margie.

As Louise left the room, Mrs. Martin said: "I make it a point, you see, to answer all my children's questions. I believe they have a right to knowledge, and to whom should they turn if not to the mother? I believe we should always give a child a reason for what we ask of them. It is wonderful what little logicians they are. One needs to be pretty sure of one's ground before making a statement. Must you go?" she asked, as Miss Fisher rose from her chair. "We really have n't begun our visit yet! Can't you stay longer?"

"Not this time," replied Miss Fisher, thinking, as she took her departure, that it was not

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her fault that so little "visiting" had been accomplished.

She recognized Mrs. Martin's honesty of purpose, but doubted if she had really gained an insight into the truths which she so glibly stated as to the value of the child, his right to be considered an individual, and so on.

"She is certainly making an unwise and unphilosophical application of these fundamental laws," she said to herself. "I would not have believed it possible that a beautiful philosophy could be so wrongly applied.

"I believe I will call on Julia Estabrook. She was such a wise girl, I wonder what kind of a mother she makes."

No. 2

MRS. ESTABROOK received Miss Fisher with great cordiality, and the purpose of the call had passed from Miss Fisher's mind in her enjoyment of the renewal of an old friendship, when an interruption occurred. A little boy came quietly into the room, taking off his cap as he did so, and remaining standing near the door

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until, by his mother's eye and hand, he was invited to come nearer.

"This is my son, Philip," said Mrs. Estabrook, taking the boy's hand and presenting him to her guest. "Philip, this is Miss Fisher, an old school-friend of mine."

The boy gave his hand with a manly bearing that was quite charming, and then stepped back to his mother's side, where he stood with one hand on her shoulder.

After a moment Mrs. Estabrook turned to him, saying, "Did you want something, my son?"

"Excuse me," he said with a glance at the guest, and then he whispered in his mother's ear, and she whispered a reply, nodded at him, and smiled as he slipped out of the room.

"He has a chance to buy a puppy," she explained, "and I have told him it shall be as his papa decides."

"Have you made any specialty of child-study?" asked Miss Fisher abruptly, recalling the scene between Mrs. Martin and her son.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Estabrook.

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"It is the one thing in which I am most deeply interested."

"And have you come to feel that the child is the most important member of the community?" asked Miss Fisher, smiling.

"That depends upon what you mean by important," replied Mrs. Estabrook. "If you mean that his present desires are of greater moment than anything else, I should say 'No.' If you mean that his education and discipline are paramount to everything else, I should say he is the most important member of the community or of the family."

"But don't you think," continued Miss Fisher, with a quizzical look at her friend, "that the child's individuality should be regarded and his rights recognized?"

"Most assuredly," was the reply, "but one of the duties of the individual is not to impose on any other individual, and one of the first rights is to recognize the rights of others, and this the child cannot realize or comprehend until it has been taught him. But I wonder why you are quizzing me so," she added, laughingly. "I suppose it is because, as a kindergartner, you

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are wanting to find out if I have learned my lesson thoroughly."

Miss Fisher smiled, as she replied: "I think you are an apt scholar, have learned your lesson, and are making a wise application of it. Have you found it difficult?"

"It is surely not an easy task that is set the mother," replied Mrs. Estabrook, "but I was fortunate in two things. I began the study of child-nature before I was married, so that I was ready to apply its principles in the earliest infancy of my children, and I have had the earnest understanding and coöperation of my husband, and the value of his sympathy and assistance is incalculable. Oh, here comes my little Ada," she added, holding out her hand to a little girl, apparently about six years old, who came to her mother with a happy look on her face.

"Ada, this is mamma's dear friend, Miss Fisher, who knew mamma when she was almost as small as you are."

The child advanced modestly but without embarrassment, laid her hand in that of Miss Fisher, and responded frankly to her greeting;

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then took her place by her mother with an arm around her neck, listening silently to the conversation.

Once she stooped and whispered softly in her mother's ear. Mrs. Estabrook smiled as she said to her guest, "Ada would like to invite you to stay to supper, and I most heartily second her invitation."

Desirous of seeing more of her friend's home government, Miss Fisher accepted the invitation and gave her hat and jacket to Ada, who stood smiling to receive them.

"Put them in the hall, dear, and then you may go and play for a while."

"May I take my new doll over to Bessie Black's?"

Mrs. Estabrook pondered a moment, and then answered: "I think you'd better not go this afternoon. Some day soon I will go with you."

"All right, mamma," responded Ada, sweetly.

"Do you not always give reasons when you refuse a request of your children?" asked Miss Fisher.

"Still quizzing," smiled Mrs. Estabrook. "Well, I will say frankly, 'Not, always.' Some-

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times I do, but quite often I do not. I am sure they both have come to feel that I have reasons which are valid, and so they trust me even if they do not know why I refuse their requests. It seems to me a very great mistake always to tell why you do not grant them what they want. It is quite apt to start a train of argument in which you possibly may come out second best."

"Do they never ask 'Why'?"

"Occasionally; and then I tell them that they will have to trust me for the present."

"Then later you give them the reason?"

"I may and I may not. Sometimes it may be wise to withhold the reason altogether, and my children have never come to feel that I must justify my actions to them. I am sure they feel that love prompts all that I do, and they rest in that love even though they do not clearly see the evidences of it. We have a great many sympathetic and confidential talks along various possible lines of conduct, and in this way they are learning of my general modes of thought and motives of action, and that gives them confidence in the special cases which they may not fully understand."

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During the rest of the visit Miss Fisher was interested in observing the application of her friend's philosophy. She saw that the children were free, spontaneous, and natural, that they seemed to feel themselves a part of the family life, and yet that they never put themselves forward, never dominated.

At the table, they were orderly and well-behaved. Sometimes they ventured a remark or opinion, but, on the whole, kept themselves in the background unless brought forward by someone else.

Shortly after supper, at a sign from their mother, they put away their toys and, coming to Miss Fisher, held out a hand and said, "Good-night." Then, kissing their father, they went away with their mother, chattering as they went.

Mr. Estabrook was silent a moment, with his head bent in a listening attitude. "I love to hear their happy voices as they go," he said, after a while. "It is the sweetest music of my day, as I hear,

'Like the fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children
And the mother as she sings,'"

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he quoted, as a soft good-night song floated to them from the room above.

Miss Fisher's eyes were filled with tears. "There is no music so sweet as the voices of happy children," she said, "and no children are so happy as those who are guided, disciplined, and controlled by wise parents."

VII
PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE
(TEN YEARS)

VII

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE

(TEN YEARS)

No. 1

"**S**AY, pop, I saw you riding on the sidewalk last night. You 'll get nabbed some day."

Mr. Jennings laughed at the pertness of his ten-year-old son, and replied:

"Oh, I guess I 'm smart enough to keep out of the hands of the police. It 's a perfectly ridiculous law, anyway. Of course, it 's all right down town where there are lots of people, but out here where there 's no necessity of running into any one, it 's all nonsense."

"But it 's the law," asserted the lad.

"Yes, I know, but there are some laws which are so ridiculous that they 're just as well broken as kept."

"The game laws, for example?" said Duncan, with a snicker.

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"Well, you just keep still," said the father. "You don't have to tell all you know."

Duncan smiled knowingly, for he fully understood that his father was sensitive, and with good reason, on the question of breaking the game laws; but the subject under discussion was put in the background by the insistence of the young daughter, who brought forward a grievance of her own.

"Say, ma," she exclaimed, "I think Miss Bell is real mean. She only gave me sixty in English and sixty-five in arithmetic, and I know I ought to have more. She is awful partial. She gives Mabel Doane ninety and ninety-five, and Mabel does n't study any harder than I do. It's only because she's the teacher's favorite."

"Well, if there's anything that I despise in a teacher," said Mrs. Jennings, "it's partiality. I really don't see why Mabel Doane should be the teacher's pet. I don't think I'll invite Miss Bell here again very soon, if she does n't treat you with any more fairness than that."

"My sakes," exclaimed Mrs. Jennings, hurriedly, "here it's most church time. Fly around now and get ready, or we'll be late."

Precept and Example

"I'm not going to church," said the oldest son. "It's no use sitting there listening to that old blatherskyte. He's too stupid for anything."

"Right you are," said Mr. Jennings. "If a man can't preach a better sermon than he does, he'd better stay out of the pulpit."

"Oh, come," pleaded Mrs. Jennings. "I think it does n't look well if we don't all go to church."

"Well," said Mr. Jennings, settling himself in his easy-chair with a newspaper, "get a minister that can say something and say it in an interesting way, and we'll go."

"Well, Annie, you and I will go," said the mother.

"All right!" laughed Mr. Jennings. "I think the preacher is about suited to the intellect of women."

"Say, pa," exclaimed little Duncan, whose thoughts had been directed in a new channel by his father's last remark, "I was with Philip Barrows last night, and we met his mother and sister, and, what do you think! he took off his hat and bowed to them just as if they were strangers!"

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"Well, I think that was very nice," said Mrs. Jennings.

Mr. Jennings laughed. "I suppose you will be asking me to tip my hat to you in the street next?"

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Jennings.

To this remark, however, she received no reply but another laugh from her husband and the exclamation, "How perfectly ridiculous!"

"I asked Philip what he did it for," said Duncan, "'cause I did n't see why a boy should bow to his mother or sister. They're just his home folks. Of course, it's different when you meet a grown-up lady. But I'd feel awfully queer to take off my hat to Annie."

"I imagine I see you," said Annie, somewhat sarcastically. Then she continued, with a new expression of interest in face and voice: "Say, ma, Isabel Barrows' father tips his hat to her. I saw him do it the other day. I asked her why he did it. It seemed so odd to me. She said it was because he respected her. What do you think of that?"

"Perfectly absurd!" said Mr. Jennings, with a little sneer. "But that's the way it is nowa-

Precept and Example

days. Young America demands the respect of the parents instead of showing respect for the parents. I think it's a pretty state of affairs when a man tips his hat to his little snip of a daughter." Mr. Jennings settled himself to the reading of his paper, Duncan went to his room, while Annie and the mother went to church alone.

No. 2

"PHILIP, did n't I see you riding on the sidewalk?" asked Mr. Barrows of his youthful son.

"It was only out here, papa, where you almost never meet anybody. Of course, I would n't do it down town where there are lots of people. All the boys do it, and some of the men."

"That may be, my son," responded Mr. Barrows, "but I want you to be a law-abiding citizen, and when there's a law, we really have no choice in the matter."

"But that seems such a foolish law, papa."

"It may seem so to you and yet be very reasonable. At any rate, whether foolish or not, it is your duty to obey it. We have no right to de-

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cide that we will obey the law only when we feel like it and disobey it whenever we are inclined; and this fact I would like to have you fix in your mind now while you are young."

"But, papa, suppose the law really is unreasonable?"

"Then, my son, we should try to have it done away with and a just law put in its place; but so long as it is law, every one should obey it. The lawlessness of American youth is a question of serious significance, and I am exceedingly anxious that you should grow up with a sincere respect for the law."

"Mamma," interrupted little Isabel, "I don't think Miss Graham is at all fair. I study real hard and she never gives me as high marks as she does some of the other girls who don't study as hard as I do; and one or two of them I know look in their books during recitation. I don't think teachers ought to have favorites, do you?"

"Do you think that Miss Graham gives you poor marks because she likes to do so?" asked Mrs. Barrows, gently.

"It seems as if she might give me good marks sometimes," said the little girl, poutingly.

Precept and Example

"I am of the opinion that Miss Graham would give you good marks all the time, if she could. It would certainly be a greater credit to her."

Isabel looked up into her mother's face with surprise. "I don't see why it's any credit to her to give me good marks," she said, questioningly.

"Judging from my own experience as a school-teacher," said Mrs. Barrows, "Miss Graham feels that every good scholar reflects credit upon her as a good teacher and that every poor scholar detracts from her reputation as a teacher. So I must believe that it is a grief to her to be obliged ever to give poor marks to any of her scholars. I think we can prove it if, during the next two weeks, you will work hard to secure a good standing in class. Try it for two weeks, my dear, and if you are n't succeeding in winning a good standing during that time, then I will see Miss Graham and get her opinion as to the reason. Perhaps she and I working together can find out what is the matter. And now we will get ready for church."

"Who is to preach to-day?" asked Mr. Barrows.

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"The Rev. Mr. Porter supplies our pulpit to-day," responded his wife.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Philip, "must we go to hear that old stick?"

"My son," expostulated the father, "I can't allow you to use such an expression in regard to a minister who is also an old man."

"But, father," urged Philip, "his sermons are so dry. I never can listen to them."

"I wonder if you think that our only reason for going to church is to hear the sermon."

"Why, what else do we go for, father?"

"To worship God," replied Mr. Barrows. "The sermon really is only one means of directing our thoughts in the right channel. If you find the sermon uninteresting, you can withdraw into yourself."

"Well, father, I don't know how to do that. I get to thinking of all sorts of things."

"It will be good training for you to try to follow the sermon. If you cannot understand it, then you might think of all the things you have to be thankful for, and don't forget that the privilege of church-going is one of them. There are boys who never can go to church, and I am

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sure you would not want to change places with them. You might commit a hymn to memory while you are sitting quietly in the church. You can't understand it now, but when you are as old as I am you will realize that it is a very great pleasure to have the memory stored with beautiful thoughts, and now is the time when you can best commit such thoughts to your memory. Try it to-day. If you find the sermon tedious, see if you cannot learn the hymn, "How gentle God's commands," so that you can repeat it to me after church. And then, my son, I want you never to speak of an old person with disrespect. This afternoon you might employ yourself to good advantage by looking up in the Bible the places where you are commanded to reverence age."

"Oh, father," interrupted Isabel, "do you know Annie Jennings laughed at me because, when she asked why you tipped your hat to me in the street, I said it was because you respected me. She seemed to think that was the funniest thing she had ever heard. It is n't funny, is it, father?" asked the young girl, eagerly.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Barrows. "There

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are no women whom I respect more than my wife and daughter, and I certainly should be very remiss if I did not manifest that respect to them under all circumstances. I think we would have children manifesting more respect to parents if parents treated their children with great respect. And now we will all show our respect for the Sabbath and our love to God by going to church as a united family."

VIII
LESSONS IN JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE
(ELEVEN YEARS)

VIII
LESSONS IN JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE
(ELEVEN YEARS)

No. 1

“**S**AY, Mr. Wharton, Peter stole my brother’s knife and won’t give it back.”

The little girl, with flushed face and anxious eyes, looked into the face of the quiet man reading his paper on the piazza.

He did not remain quiet, however, after hearing the statement of the child.

“What is this you say?” he exclaimed, angrily. “Peter stole your brother’s knife?”

“Yes, sir, he did, and he’s got it now and won’t give it back, and I told him I would tell you.”

“Who is your brother?” asked the man.

“I am Jennie White, and my brother is Freddy White, and we live just over there,” she said, pointing with her thumb across to where Mr. Wharton could see Peter in the centre of a group

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of boys engaged in animated words which had the tone of an altercation.

"Tell Peter to come here, and if he has stolen your brother's knife I will punish him severely."

With triumphant face and manner, the girl hastened back to the group of boys and, with vehement speech and gesture, informed Peter that his father wanted him. Peter understood what the summons portended, but he obeyed promptly. He knew that his father supposed his "conduct had been such," as Jennie White expressed it, and that it would probably be useless to make any explanation; and yet it was hard to be condemned without a hearing.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Mr. Wharton, angrily, "I am told that you have been stealing. Did you take that boy's knife, sir?"

"Yes, papa," replied Peter; "but it was this way," he continued with honest eyes, anxious to get in his explanation before punishment should fall.

"Not a single word! Not a word! I will not hear it. There is no explanation for theft. To think a boy of mine should steal! I am ashamed of you. Well, a thief must be punished." And

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so, with harsh words of judgment pronounced without allowing the culprit to defend himself, the boy was dragged upstairs by the collar and punishment inflicted, until, writhing in pain, the little victim shrieked:

“I won’t do it again! I won’t do it again!”

“Very well, sir, you had better not. The next time I will whip you within an inch of your life. And now, sir, you can stay here the rest of the day and meditate upon your wicked conduct.”

Left to himself, the boy’s face assumed a sullen aspect, as with clinched fist he muttered: “I am not a thief, but he would n’t let me tell him that I just took the knife because Freddy took mine and lost it, and it was only just that I should take his. I told papa the truth, and he had no business to punish me. The next time I’ll lie and I’ll steal too, and when I get old enough I’ll kill him, so I will.”

The father had gone downstairs to his paper on the piazza, feeling a sense of wrong inflicted upon himself through the dishonest conduct of his son, not realizing his own injustice nor in the least comprehending the storm of evil passions he had aroused in the mind of the boy.

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No. 2

"SAY, Mr. Mason, Frank stole my brother's knife and won't give it back."

The little girl, with flushed face and anxious eyes, looked into the face of the quiet man reading his paper on the piazza.

"What is this?" he asked in a kindly tone, turning to the little girl. "Do you say that Frank has stolen your brother's knife? Who is your brother?"

"I am Katie Brown, and my brother is Phil Brown, and we live over there," she said, pointing with her thumb across to where Mr. Mason could see Frank in a group of boys engaged in animated words which had the tone of an altercation.

"Well, I am quite sure Frank has not stolen your brother's knife. Will you ask the two boys to come over here, please?"

The child did as she was bid. In response, Frank said to Phil, "Come on and let's talk to papa about it; he'll know what is right to do." And he rushed eagerly across the street to his

Lessons in Justice and Injustice

father, followed more slowly by Phil, who did not know just how chummy Frank and his father were.

"How is this, my boy?" said Mr. Mason, in a genial tone. "The little girl tells me that there is some difference of opinion between you two boys in regard to the ownership of a knife. Let me hear how the case stands."

"Well, papa," responded Frank, eagerly, "it is just this way. You see, I loaned my knife to Phil, and he lost it. I saw his knife on his desk, and I took it, because it is only fair that he should give me a knife in the place of the one he lost."

"But, as I understand it," said Mr. Mason, "he did not give it to you; you took it, and he seems to be of the opinion that that is stealing."

"Yes, sir," spoke up Phil, "when you take things that don't belong to you, it is stealing."

"That is rather a harsh word to use," said Mr. Mason, "under any circumstances, and particularly so, it seems to me, in the present case."

"But he did take it," urged Phil, "and it was not his."

"But he had lost mine," pleaded Frank, "and I ought to have his in the place of it."

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"Well," said Mr. Mason, "I think in this case that we should hardly say that Frank stole the knife altogether, but that he has made a mistake under the impression that he was only securing justice for himself. But, my son," he continued, turning to Frank, "we never have the right to take the law into our own hands. Now it may be perfectly just that Phil should give you a knife in return for the one he lost, and, if he were willing to do that voluntarily, it would prove that he recognizes his obligation to make good the loss. If he will not do it voluntarily, there seem to be but two courses of action. One is that Frank should submit to the loss rather than have a quarrel with a friend. The other is to agree between you to impanel a jury and place the case before them, and abide by their decision."

"What do you mean by impanelling a jury?" asked Frank.

"Impanel is a legal term meaning to select a number of individuals who shall listen to the facts concerning the case presented and declare the truth according to the evidence produced. It would really be conducting your case according to law."

Lessons in Justice and Injustice

The boys were pleased at the idea of a lawsuit and Mr. Mason agreed to help them conduct it. The other boys were summoned, a jury was selected, and Mr. Mason was appointed the judge. Attorneys for both parties were chosen, and the trial proceeded under Mr. Mason's direction. With a great deal of interest the jury listened attentively and gave their decision to the effect that it was only fair that Phil should make good the loss either in money or with the knife. So the case was concluded with perfect good feeling on all sides, with a better understanding of the value of law, and also of the unwisdom of attempting to redress one's own wrongs in an unwarranted manner, and with a special feeling of friendliness for the father who had been willing to give them the benefit of his time and counsel.

IX

KEEPING THE BOY ON THE FARM

(ELEVEN YEARS)

IX
KEEPING THE BOY ON THE FARM
(ELEVEN YEARS)

No. 1

“OH ma! Black Bess has the beautifullest calf you ever saw, and pa says I may have her for my own, and I’m going to name her Queenie.” The little boy’s eyes shone with delight as he added, “I’m going to take care of her all myself.”

Little Joe kept his word, and Queenie grew so accustomed to her young master that she would carry the lad on her back. Queenie had grown into a fine large animal when Joe, coming home from school one day, missed her from the pasture.

“Where’s Queenie?” he eagerly asked his father.

“Oh,” replied his father, in an indifferent

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manner, "a drover came along, and I sold her."

"Sold her! Sold Queenie! Why, she was mine, — you gave her to me!"

The father smiled. "Why, yes," he said with a somewhat patronizing air, "she was your calf, but she was my cow."

The boy burst into tears which seemed to anger his father.

"You just shut up," he said. "It's perfect nonsense for you to cry about that. Did you think I was going to let you have the money for that cow? It's perfectly ridiculous."

The boy raised his head. A new thought had been suggested by his father's words.

"It was my cow," he said, "and the money is mine."

The father gave a hearty laugh, as he answered: "I guess not. I paid for her keep and I support you. You can't own anything. Everything you have is mine until you are of age."

"It is n't fair," sobbed the boy, as he withdrew to the barn to indulge his grief in solitude.

Mr. Wylie was a "well-to-do" farmer and

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meant to be a good father, but he could not see any injustice in his treatment of his son. The law gave him a right to the boy and his services until his majority. This being true, what injustice was there in the matter?

Joe was an industrious little fellow, with a great ambition to be independent.

"Pa," said he, one day, "may I have all I can make off that triangle you think is no good? I can raise pop-corn on it and make money."

"All right," said Mr. Wylie, and Joe set to work on his little field. He prepared the ground, planted the corn, hoed it, gathered it, and shipped it to the market with his father's produce. When it was sold, he waited for his money. Nothing was said, however, by the father until Joe asked what the corn had brought. Mr. Wylie referred to his bills and told the amount.

"Where's my money?" asked Joe.

"Oh, I put it in the bank. It will be safe there."

Joe did not doubt that his father had put the money in the bank in his son's name, and so he felt satisfied, especially as the sum was a good

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one. Some months later he wanted to buy some skates, and his father thought the old ones would do.

"But I can buy them with my own money," urged Joe.

"Your money! What money have you?" queried his father.

"Why, the money for my pop-corn. You show me how to write a check, and I'll get it next time I go to town."

"You have n't any bank account," said the father.

Joe looked at his father in surprise. "You said you had put my money in the bank."

"So I did, but not in your name. I guess you've forgotten that I have a right to all you earn until you are twenty-one."

"It is n't fair," muttered Joe to himself, as he turned away. "I'll get even with him," he added, sullenly

Mr. Wylie felt a little conscience-smitten as he saw the boy's clouded face, and one day brought home the coveted skates. Joe took them without a word of thanks.

"Ungrateful boy!" said the father, "can't

Keeping the Boy on the Farm

you say 'thank you' when anything is done for you?"

"I don't have to say 'thank you,'" said Joe. "It was my money you bought 'em with."

Mr. Wylie was now thoroughly angry. "Say that again," he thundered, "and I'll give you a good thrashing. Your money, indeed!"

If any one had told Mr. Wylie that he had dealt dishonestly with his son, he would have repelled the accusation indignantly. Did n't he feed, clothe, and educate the boy? Did n't the law give him authority over the lad? What right had a child to claim that he owned anything? For eight years more the boy would be a minor. After that would be time enough for him to set up his independence.

The two incidents mentioned are magnified illustrations of the treatment the boy received from infancy. He was supposed to own nothing. If his childish treasures seemed in the mother's way, they were ruthlessly destroyed. If he had a few pennies in his little bank, they were unquestioningly used to make change, and no one ever thought of replacing them. Indeed, why should they? Was not the child

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theirs, consequently theirs everything that belonged to him?

It was with a great feeling of surprise that Mr. Wylie awoke one morning to learn that Joe had gone away, taking with him a sum of money which happened to be in the house and leaving a note which read:

I am taking my own money and no more, and I am going where you will never see me again. If you think I have robbed you, you can remember that you robbed me first.

JOE.

No. 2

"Oh, mother! I've found a dear little chicken in the wet grass. None of the hens will own it. Can't I have it for mine?"

Mrs. Carson paused before replying. "Yes," she said finally, "you may have it, but you'll have to take all the care of it."

"All right, mother." Little Geoffrey was true to his word, and cared for the chicken until she was able "to scratch for herself."

She was different from the rest of the flock, and her eggs could easily be distinguished. Geoffrey arranged to pay Speckle's board and

Keeping the Boy on the Farm

to have the sale of her eggs. From her he raised several broods of chickens, and was encouraged by his parents to keep a strict account of outlay and income, and to put his earnings into the bank in his own name.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Geoffrey, one morning, "Black Bess has the beautifullest little colt you ever saw, and father has given it to me for my birthday present. I am to take care of it and to pay him for its keep, and if I want to sell it sometime I am to have the money for my very own."

Many and earnest were the conversations between Mr. Carson and Geoffrey as to the best manner of caring for the colt, and Geoffrey's account book had many new entries of sums spent for the pretty creature. Geoffrey broke the colt to saddle and harness, and it was a proud day when he was offered seventy-five dollars for him.

"What will you do with so much money?" asked his father.

"That is just what I wanted to ask you about," said Geoffrey. "What do you think about my investing in sheep or hogs?"

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Under his father's wise counsel, the boy invested his money. He also rented a small piece of ground, planted a garden and sold the produce. His father did not, however, give him all his time to spend in his own enterprises.

"You see," he said, "I have to board and clothe and educate you. I should have some return for this in your services. Then, too, you should not ask that a strict business account should be kept with your mother. You can never do enough to repay her for the loving care she has given you. I want you to be business-like, to learn how to invest and handle money, and am willing to put my relations with you on business grounds. But I also want you to be generous and learn to give without return. You must do all you can for your mother and sister, and you want to give of your own earnings to the church, to missions, or other worthy causes."

It was indeed a proud day when Geoffrey presented to each member of the family a Christmas gift bought with his own earnings, and when he put down his name as a subscriber to the minister's salary and the mission fund.

When Geoffrey was old enough to go to col-

Keeping the Boy on the Farm

lege, he had in the bank a fair amount with which to begin and made arrangements with his father for the balance needed.

While at college, Geoffrey was not weaned from the farm. There his interests were, there his stock growing in value, there his crops to be harvested, and there he settled with his young wife, ready to take the burdens of his father, in addition to his own, on his own strong shoulders.

Farmer Wylie and Farmer Carson were talking together, as Geoffrey rode out of the barnyard and away down the road. Mr. Wylie looked after him with a darkening face.

"I don't see how it is," he said, "that your son takes so to the farm and mine did n't. Joe had just as comfortable a home as Geoffrey had. I gave him good clothes. I wanted to send him to college when he was old enough, but he, ungrateful boy, had to run away and leave me in my old age with no one to help me. I can't understand it. What do you suppose is the reason?"

X

ATTITUDE TOWARD SERVANTS

(ELEVEN YEARS)

X

ATTITUDE TOWARD SERVANTS

(ELEVEN YEARS)

No. 1

“**S**AY, Nora, I want some sugar and flour and butter and a lot of things. I’m going to make a cake on my little stove. Give ’em to me quick! I can’t wait.”

“Could n’t you say ‘please’?” asked Nora, looking quietly at the impatient little girl.

“No, I could n’t. I don’t have to say ‘please’ to you. You ’re only a hired girl. Hurry up, now. I never did see any one so stupid. Come, I can’t wait all day.”

“I’ll get them as soon as I can, Bessie, but I think you should say ‘please.’”

“Well, I don’t. It’s your business to wait on me.”

“You are not my mistress,” spoke up Nora, with some rebellion in her tone.

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"Mamma hires you to do the work, and to wait on us children is a part of the work, and if you don't get me the things at once I'll tell mamma."

Reluctantly Nora obeyed the child's commands, knowing full well that Mrs. Blake would not consider Bessie at fault in giving orders to the "hired girl."

This was the beginning of an extensive raid upon kitchen supplies, and Bessie, with her little friends, tramped in and out, bringing dirt and disorder into the room which Nora had just made spotlessly clean. No heed was paid to her remonstrances, and Bessie even seemed to take delight in the trouble she could make. She ordered Nora around with an imperious manner and commented most openly upon her stupidity.

"You'd better bring Clarence in; he's wading in the gutter," she said, during one of her visits to the kitchen.

Nora hurried out to the street, for she knew that Clarence already had a cold, and Mrs. Blake would be very angry if he got his feet wet.

Attitude toward Servants

"Come in, Clarence," she called, "your mother told you not to play in the water."

Clarence's only reply was to make a great splash through the stream.

"Oh, Clarence, do come in; you must." And Nora approached the child with outstretched hands.

"You go 'way," shouted Clarence, "I don't have to mind you."

"But your mother said you must n't play in the water."

"Well, you ain't my mother. You're only the hired girl, and I'm not coming in, I tell you."

Fearing Mrs. Blake's displeasure, Nora grasped the boy and bore him shrieking and kicking into the house. As she set him down upon the floor, he seized her hand and bit it severely.

This was a little too much for the girl's patience, and, on Mrs. Blake's return, she reported the misdemeanor; but Mrs. Blake did not regard it as a misconduct. She only laughed, saying carelessly, "He'll never give up anything he likes without a struggle."

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No. 2

"ELLEN, give me some soapsuds, quick! Bessie and I are going to blow bubbles. Hurry up, now."

Ellen only looked at the impatient little girl and went on about her work.

"Quick, Ellen, I can't wait."

Ellen, who had lived long in the family and knew that the mother desired her children to be civil to everybody, still paid no heed.

"I would n't have such an ugly old hired girl," said Bessie; "I 'd tell my mamma on her."

Carrie looked surprised at these words from her little playmate, and then, turning to Ellen, said quietly: "Ellen, will you please make us some soapsuds? We want to blow bubbles."

"Sure," answered Ellen, heartily; and soon with their foaming basin the little girls left the kitchen.

"What made you say 'please' to the hired girl?" asked Bessie. "My mamma says it is a hired girl's business to wait on us children."

Attitude toward Servants

"My mamma does n't think so," replied Carrie. "She always wants me to say 'please' to Ellen just the same as to any one else."

"Well, I would n't," asserted Bessie. "Think of saying 'please' to a servant!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Carrie, "I must tell Ellen that Jamie is wading in the gutter. Mamma does n't want him to."

"Jamie," called Ellen a minute later, "you must come in. Your feet are wet now, and your mother would n't like you to get more cold."

Jamie was too intent on his own pleasure to obey at once, and he continued his splashing.

Ellen, finding that he did not intend to mind, acted promptly, and bore him, struggling, into the house. As she set him down, he raised his hand and slapped her.

"Jamie," exclaimed Carrie, who witnessed the deed, "I shall tell mamma that you slapped Ellen."

"Well, what if he did?" said Bessie, who had looked on approvingly; "she's only a hired girl."

This did not seem a valid excuse to Carrie, who reported Jamie's misdemeanor to her mother.

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Mrs. Weston called Jamie before her and made inquiry as to his conduct.

"Well, she's only a hired girl," quoted Jamie, in self-defence.

This was a new plea to be set up in Mrs. Weston's household, and, after a moment's pondering, the mother asked:

"What is a hired girl, Jamie?"

"Why, a cook."

"Do you know that Cousin Louise is a hired girl?"

"Why, no, she is n't. She's a stenographer."

"Does n't she get pay for her work?"

"Of course."

"Then she is a hired girl. Any one who works for pay is hired. You would n't want to work without pay, would you?"

"Course not."

"Then you hope some day to be a hired man, don't you?"

"Papa is n't a hired man," — this with positiveness.

"Yes, papa is a hired man."

"But he's a doctor."

"So he is, but doctors are paid for their work,

Attitude toward Servants

so they are hired. The minister, the lawyer, the school-teacher, the engineer, all are hired to do their work. So, you see, there is no disgrace in being either a hired girl or a hired man."

"But Ellen's just a cook, Bessie says," interpolated Carrie, who was a listener to the conversation. "She says a cook is n't a lady."

"Last summer I was our only cook for several weeks," said Mrs. Weston, smiling; "was I any the less a lady?"

"Course not," asserted Jamie, positively.

"So you see the occupation merely does not make one a lady or the reverse. Now, when one has treated a lady with impoliteness, what is the only thing to be done?" asked Mrs. Weston.

Jamie hung his head and after a moment's silence said hesitatingly:

"Polergize."

"Yes, that is the only thing left for a gentleman to do. I will ask Ellen to come in, and you can apologize to her."

"You do it for me," pleaded Jamie.

"That would do you no good. You know that in slapping Ellen you did yourself more

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harm than you did her. It is for your sake as well as hers that the apology must be made."

Jamie had been well drilled in the idea of being a gentleman, and, after a little hesitation, rose to the ideal held up to him.

"All right," he said, "I'll 'polergize."

The apology was made in all sincerity, and Ellen received it almost in tears.

"He did n't hurt me," she said to Mrs. Weston. "Sure, he did n't need to make any apology."

"Yes, he did," replied Mrs. Weston. "He needed to for his own sake, if for no other reason. My boy must never feel that he can treat any woman unkindly. To treat all women with respect must be a part of his religion."

XI
INCULCATING RELIGION
(TWELVE YEARS)

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INCULCATING RELIGION
(TWELVE YEARS)

No. 1

MRS. VAN ORDEN was a very religious woman. Had she lived in the olden time, she would have been a devotee and counted her beads and told her prayers within the walls of some sacred order, but being a modern woman, the only thing left for her was to be as devoted as possible to her church and all its ceremonies. Hence she attended every service, Sundays and week-days, was an active member of all its societies, and contributed largely, according to her means, to all of its benevolences. She revered her pastor and accepted his opinions as an addendum to the gospel.

Mr. Van Orden was not a religious man; that is, he did not belong to the church,

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and, in his wife's mind, religion and church-membership were synonymous. There were three children in the family, — Louise, aged eight; Millicent, aged ten; and Orden, twelve. Only one of the children had Mrs. Van Orden's temperament, — the little Louise. She was already very devout and carried her Bible to church and Sunday-school with all the quaint solemnity of a little nun.

Millie and Orden, on the other hand, were every-day children, — very good when everything went to their liking, but capable of loud remonstrance when crossed.

The worldly state of her husband and two older children was Mrs. Van Orden's great cross. For them, she agonized daily and nightly in fervent prayer. She had learned not to speak of this to her husband, but she was not slow to impress on the minds of the children her solicitude as to their unregenerate state. They were witnesses of her grief, hearers of her prayers, but the effect upon them seemed not to be what she desired. They openly rebelled at so much church-going, forgot to read their Bibles daily, and might sometimes even have forgotten their

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prayers if their mother's vigilance in this respect had ever relaxed. The one question never omitted at the nightly visit to them in bed was, "Have you said your prayers?" This answered, then began a gentle questioning, during which the two rolled and tossed and manifested as much rebellion as they dared. They learned soon what answers would the most speedily relieve them from the inquisition, and Millie with diplomacy used to bring the evening hour to a speedy close.

"Did you tell God about all the naughty things you did to-day?"

"Yes, mamma," Millie would meekly reply.

But Orden, being a sturdy soul, scorned to shield himself behind an equivocation, and would boldly answer:

"I did n't do any naughty things."

"Oh, Orden," the mother would tenderly re-monstrate. "You must have done something naughty. Come now, think back over the day, over every word you said. You know, we are to be judged by our idle words as well as by naughty ones. Did you say *nothing* you ought

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not to have said, nothing which was unkind or just a little deviating from the truth? Think, now."

Thus adjured, Orden would be silent a few minutes, and then would perhaps say something like this: "I told Jim Shanks that he was a liar and a thief; but that was n't naughty, for it was true."

"But, my dear boy, don't you remember what the Bible says,—that you must not call your brother a fool?"

"Well, I did n't call him a fool, and he's no brother of mine. If he was, I'd lick the stuffin' out of him."

"Oh, my son! That I should ever hear such language from your lips! I fear you have said many things to-day that you should repent of. I hope God will forgive you. You know, God heard you. He hears every word you say, knows every thought you think. Now fold your hands, and I will pray Him not to lay up this sin against you."

Then followed a fervent prayer, to which the children listened in silence, but with what feelings will be better understood by their con-

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versation after the mother had kissed them a sorrowful good-night.

"I say, Ordie," Millicent would call out from her bed in the next room, "you're a goose! Why do you tell on yourself that way?"

"Well, I won't tell lies," Orden would growl in response.

"You don't need to tell lies. Just get around it. There's lots of ways."

"Oh, yes, I know you, Miss Deceit," Orden would sullenly reply. "You know how to save yourself, and you know how to get me punished."

"That's 'cause you're such a chump. I would n't, if you'd protect yourself."

"I'll protect myself some day by running away, that's what I will."

"Oh, let me go with you," Millicent would cry. "And let's go some place where there's no God. I'm awfully tired of God following us about and listening to every word we say and watching everything we do. I think He might be in a better business."

"They're awful wicked folks, Millie, who don't have any God."

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"I don't care. I'd like to be wicked for a while."

Poor Mrs. Van Orden! How her heart would have ached had she overheard these conversations! But, being in ignorance, she formed quite erroneous opinions as to the two children.

"Millie is improving so," she would say to her husband. "She is growing so sweet in her manners, and she very seldom has to report any naughtiness on her part. Her conscience is becoming very sensitive. To-day she told me she had felt envious of Clara Wynne, who has everything that money can buy, until she remembered that Clara's mother was a society woman and never taught Clara about God. Was n't that sweet of her?"

"But Orden," she would plaintively continue, "does n't seem to come under the influence of grace. I really feel a deep concern for him. He actually fought Tim Brake to-day because Tim cheated at marbles. I asked Orden if he played 'for keeps,' and he said 'Of course,' just as if he did n't know it was wrong. When I tried to make him see how wicked it was, he said he was n't going to let other boys have all the fun."

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"Why do you pester the boy so?" Mr. Van Orden would inquire. "He'll come out all right. He's good enough for an ordinary boy, and I don't want any self-righteous prig for a son."

"But, George dear, playing 'for keeps' is gambling. You surely don't want a gambler for a son."

"Well, no, but I'm afraid you'll drive him to be one with your method. I'm sure it would me."

With reproachful tears as a reply to this most unjust charge, Mrs. Van Orden retired to her room to spend the evening in earnest prayer for her misguided husband and her erring son.

One day both children came home from school in great excitement. "Oh mamma, there's to be a Christmas pantomime at the theatre next Saturday. Can't we go? Say 'yes,' please. Oh, *do* say 'yes.'"

"No, dears. I can't say 'yes.' No children of mine shall go to a theatre while under my control."

"But, mamma, this is not a theatre. It's a pantomime. All the children are going."

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"I can't help that. I do not have the responsibility of the other children. I am responsible for you, and you cannot go."

All pleading was in vain. Mrs. Van Orden was obdurate, and the children went away with rebellion in their hearts.

On Friday afternoon, Lena Garwood came home with Millie and asked Mrs. Van Orden to let Millie spend Saturday with her.

"Then you are not going to the pantomime?"

"Oh, I'm too old for such nonsense," was the somewhat lofty reply. Mrs. Van Orden was glad that some pleasure might be substituted for the pantomime in Millie's programme for Saturday, so she gave a gracious consent.

Saturday morning Leo Cambrosi, a young Italian in whom Mrs. Van Orden had taken great interest, called, and requested that he be allowed to take Orden with him for a long trolley ride Saturday afternoon.

"I'll bring him back safe," he protested.

"I'm sure you will, Leo, and I am glad to have him with you, for I am sure you would not take him to any place where I would not have him go. I trust you entirely."

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"Very good, Signora," meekly acquiesced Leo, and with a fine lunch put up by the cook the two boys went off in great glee, while Mrs. Van Orden devoted herself to the packing of a missionary barrel, her heart at rest in regard to her children.

She would not have been so happy could she have seen her son and daughter among the most hilarious spectators at that pantomime.

When they came home in the early evening, each had a beautiful tale of allowable pleasure which they had enjoyed, and Mrs. Van Orden complacently remarked to her husband: "You see, they are perfectly satisfied without going to the theatre. It is not hard to entertain children if one only has a little ingenuity."

Mrs. Van Orden was very desirous of keeping her children away from all possible contamination through evil companionship. She could not control their associations at school, but she could at home; so she did not allow them to play with the children of the neighborhood. While these were filling the street with their hilarity, Millicent and Orden were playing quietly in their own sheltered playroom, where

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everything was gathered together for their amusement. A turning lathe, a printing press, paints, colored crayons, a pyrography outfit, a pocket camera, — everything that the fond and anxious mother could procure was eagerly purchased; but it must be confessed that all these objects of interest were forgotten as the two children listened to the merriment of their little compatriots in the street and longed to be with them. And yet it was with a feeling of self-righteousness that they walked past the noisy group, carrying their heads proudly and loftily.

Sometimes they openly expressed a feeling of disdain, saying in response to all invitations to join the fun, "My mother does n't allow me to play with you"; and it may be they even felt that it was a mark of superiority that they were companionless and rejoiced in the epithets bestowed upon them, — "proud," "stuck-up," "too good for common folks."

Mrs. Van Orden never allowed herself to be away from home when the children came home from school. She denied herself many a pleasure because she would not leave them alone during

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the daytime. But sometimes in the evening, after they were in bed, she yielded to her husband's entreaties and went out with him, feeling sure that her darlings, who were apparently asleep when she left, could meet with no harm. They were also asleep when she returned, and she went to bed with a light heart.

Could she have heard her two hopefuls during the time of her absence, she would not have been so contented. As soon as they heard the front door shut, they were out of bed and the fun began. Clad in their bath-ropes, they paraded from room to room, indulged in pillow fights and blew tin horns, until the neighbors were aroused to smile understandingly.

Bridget, below stairs, was conveniently deaf to all the uproar, and when her mistress returned was ready to asseverate with emphasis that the "blissed darlin's had been perfect little angels, that they had, and they were now looking like perfect picters in their sleep. The missus need n't ever trouble about them while she was gone away."

Mrs. Van Orden's greatest desire was that her children should join the church. Once

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within its sheltering fold, she felt they would be safe from the dreadful hell that threatens the wicked, and secure of that glorious heaven that rewards the good. Hence she talked much to them of their duty of becoming Christians and joining the church, the two things being to her mind almost identical.

The mental attitude of the children toward her many pleas will be indicated by their conversations when by themselves.

"I do wish mother would n't nag us so about joining the church," said Orden. "Of course, I mean to join some time when I am older, but I want to have some fun first. A fellow does n't want to be just a fussy old Christian all his life. I'm going in for a good time for a few years; then, when I get old enough to steady down, I'll join the church."

The more diplomatic Millicent took another view of the case. "I'm going to join the church now," she said; "then mother will quit fussing, and I'll manage to have a good time some way."

"You can't have any fun when you're a church member," urged Orden. "It's nothing but read pious books and go to prayer meeting.

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It's 'You must n't do this' and 'You must n't do that,' until I am sick of it all. I don't mean to put myself in a strait-jacket till I have to."

"Well," Millicent replied, "I don't intend to wear a strait-jacket. You know, I can have a good time, and repent for it afterwards and get forgiveness. Lots of the girls do that way. They say their prayers every night and go to church every Sunday, and I think that's enough."

So Orden went his way "to sow his wild oats," purposing to repent in time so as to escape reaping the harvest, while Millicent joined the church and had her good times within the bounds of churchly discipline, becoming in time quite a social factor in the church and felicitating herself on having been wise enough to choose such forms of dissipation as did not bring her under ban.

No. 2

MRS. DISBROW was a woman of a very devout nature. No book to her was so full of interest as the Bible, no place so attractive as the prayer-

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meeting. She had, however, one characteristic unusual in a woman so intense in temperament, and she did not make her conscience the standard of conduct for everybody. She realized that there must be individuality, even in the manifestation of religious tendencies. She did not expect a boy to be religious after the same pattern as his grandfather.

Mr. Disbrow was not a religious man, according to his own statement, though his wife denied this estimate.

"He is a religious man," she would say, "but he does n't know it. He certainly lives up to the Bible definition of religion. He contributes to the needs of all who suffer, and he lives a clean, unspotted life. He is not a Christian, for he has not avowed himself a disciple of the Christ, but he surely is religious." Mr. Disbrow would look at his wife affectionately, saying, "'Almost thou persuadest me' to be a Christian"; and she would answer with confidence, "You will be some day, I know."

Mrs. Disbrow's deepest anxieties were that her son and daughter might early be led to follow the Master. She felt that her truest insight was

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here needed, that she make no mistake and so frustrate her best intentions.

Very early, even in their infancy, she had made them acquainted with God as one whom she loved and talked to. Before her babies could speak, they learned to fold their hands and listen while their mother prayed.

"They will not understand the words, but I am sure they will feel the spirit." That this was true seemed to her proven on one occasion when the baby, not yet able to talk, was ill and had not slept. As he lay restlessly tossing in the bed and she bent over him with deep anxiety, he reached up his hands, and, taking her hand, laid it over his eyes just as she was accustomed to do when she offered the bedtime prayer. Then he made the little noises which she understood as begging for something, clasping his own little hands as was his wont when she prayed for him. She thought she understood, and, kneeling down, she began to repeat the evening prayer. In a few moments she saw that he had fallen asleep, and, with thankful tears, she acknowledged the power of prayer.

Before they could speak, too, she began to

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make them familiar with the Bible. She repeated to them the Psalms, and when her husband seemed to think it absurd to imagine babies would understand the Bible, she said, "They do not understand now, but they will get accustomed to the grand rhythm, and later they will find they have absorbed the words just as easily as they would have absorbed Mother Goose."

Her words were verified when the same little fellow was able to lisp connected sentences. One very hot day he was restless and could not take his nap. At length he called, "Mother dear, come and thay a thalm; it'th tho comfortin'." And, indeed, the Psalm quieted his restlessness as nothing else had done.

Mrs. Disbrow made the Bible the source of many stories she told the children. She desired that this book should be their guide to conduct; so she drew from its histories lessons of courage, patience, and faith, and Bible characters became their heroes. They knew little of the histories of the unfaithful and false that are recorded in Scripture, for Mrs. Disbrow believed in holding up before the eyes of her children virtues to be emulated rather than vices to be shunned.

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At the bedtime hour, mother and children had many a sacred confidence. Then it was that she drew from them the story of their successes or failures, their faults and their follies; and this by no system of direct questioning, for she believed that confidences, to be of value, should be spontaneous. She did not constitute herself a mother-confessor for her children, but made them feel her deep sympathy with them in all their perplexities, and strove to lead them to make wise decisions for themselves rather than take the judgment of another, even that of their mother.

"Has it been a happy day?" she would say, as she tucked in the little form and made all comfortable for the night. Then the recital would begin. Sometimes it was a story of incidents trivial to the adult mind, yet full of interest and importance to the child, and therefore listened to with true sympathy by the mother. Sometimes it was a confession of some childish mistake with a plea for mother's counsel.

"Mother, I kicked Jim Brady to-day and called him a thief and a liar, and I think I

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ought to have done it, for he took Bobby Martin's alley-taw by cheating and then said he had n't got it. And Bobby is little and could n't stand up for himself, and you said I ought always to take the part of the weak, did n't you?"

"In a righteous cause, dear; but what were they doing?"

"Why, Bobby and Jim were playing 'for keeps' and Jim cheated."

"Then both Bobby and Jim were doing wrong, were n't they? You know, we decided that playing 'for keeps' is gambling, did n't we?"

"Yes, and I was n't playing. I was just looking on, and seeing that they played fair, and Jim did n't. He cheated."

Mrs. Disbrow realized that the moral problem before her son was no small one. How was he to be made to understand that "looking on" might be wrong? Or how could he be led to see when it was right to constitute himself a judge and avenger, and when not? It took many talks upon the various phases of the problem thus presented, and each conversation drew the little boy and the mother closer together.

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"If I could only have you always with me to tell me what to do," he would say.

"I cannot always be with you, dear, but you know there is One who is ever with you, who is all-wise, all-powerful, all-loving. He knows your thoughts, your inner motives, and He will always help you if you ask Him."

"Yes, I know, mother, but it is n't always easy to ask Him when I'm right in a fuss, you see."

"I know, dear, but you don't have to wait until you're in a fuss. You can ask Him beforehand, for He has said. 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'"

Perhaps, after the mother had gone, little Gladys would call, "Julius, are you asleep?"

"No."

"Are you afraid?"

"No. Are you?"

"Of course not. Why should I be? God is taking care of me. Is n't it nice to know that God is always right close by, that you can't get away from Him anywhere? It would be awful if there was n't any God, would n't it?"

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And so these little ones felt the immanence of God to be something to rejoice in.

"One thing's sure," Julius would say, "God always knows what you think as well as what you say and do, and He is n't half as hard on a fellow as folks are who only know what you do and not what you meant."

One day Gladys came running in, greatly excited. "There is going to be a Christmas pantomime, mother," she exclaimed, "just think of that! Won't that be fine? We can go, can't we?" And Gladys clasped her hands in an ecstasy of anticipation.

"Where is this wonderful pantomime to be, and when?" asked Mrs. Disbrow.

"It's at the theatre," answered Gladys, rather reluctantly.

"But it is n't a theatre play, mother. Really and truly it is n't," asserted Julius, emphatically. "And everybody is going, the minister's children and all. You'll let us go, won't you? 'Cause it is n't a play, but talking with motions, teacher said, and there'll be music and pretty dresses and — and —"

"I've no doubt it will be very pretty," assented

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Mrs. Disbrow, but there was a note in her voice that did not sound promising, so both children again began their plea that everybody was going.

"We don't decide the wrong and right of our conduct by what other people do, do we?"

The children shook their heads and began to look very sober.

"You know, dears," the mother continued after a pause, "there is one thing I want more than to see you happy, and that is to have you good; so, no matter how I decide, you will understand that it is your best welfare I am considering. I have thought this matter over very seriously; I probably could not make you see it as I do, and I am not going to try. I have the responsibility of deciding the question now. When you are older, you will be obliged to decide for yourself. If you then think it wise to go to such a place, you take the responsibility. As long as I must decide for you, I shall have to say no."

The children's faces fell. Mother's "no" was always final. There was no use to tease.

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"Well, what can we do, then?" asked Julius, somewhat pertinently.

"You can accept mother's decision cheerfully and find some other way of being happy."

"I don't see any other way. Can we have some fun at home?"

"I'm afraid I can't do much to give you pleasure. I shall be very busy all day, getting ready for Christmas. I could let you help me work."

The prospect did not look very alluring, and Mrs. Disbrow did not attempt to compel the children to appear happy. She realized that it was a hard task to be happy under such a disappointment, so she wisely refused to see the frowns and made no allusion to the pettish ways. The clouds cleared after a time, and in the end the children spent a happy day helping mother, who gave them nuts to crack, corn to pop, and let them bake various kinds of cakes and pies.

"'T was 'most as good as a pantomime," said Gladys next day, when recounting to her mother the wonderful things her playmates had seen.

"And, mother, Millie Van Orden went, and

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Orden too, and their mother don't know it! Is n't that awful?"

"I should be very sorry to have my children deceive me so. I hope you'll never feel it necessary to be sly."

"I guess not. If we do wrong, we'd rather you'd know it than any one else."

The question of companionship for her children was one that puzzled Mrs. Disbrow. She could not choose their associates at school. She could not choose their companions when they went from home. She could shut them away from the children of the neighborhood, who were not the most desirable associates, but would that be wise? Would it not be better to help them judge of people as they would find them in the world, the good and the bad together, and to choose the best? Would it not be better still to become acquainted with the children of the neighborhood and help influence them to be better?

Acting upon both these thoughts, Mrs. Disbrow did not draw a line of absolute restriction around her children. She allowed them to be friends with their neighbors, but kept a watch-

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ful eye on their doings. She encouraged both Julius and Gladys to talk to her freely, and when their recitals almost chilled her blood, she tried to show them how to protect themselves from contamination and to set a higher standard of conduct by creating a better public opinion.

"How can you let your children play with these dreadful boys and girls?" asked Mrs. Van Orden, her neighbor. "I want to keep my children from all knowledge of sin and evil as long as I can."

"We can't possibly keep them from the knowledge of sin," replied Mrs. Disbrow. "Therefore it seems better to me that they should learn the world as it is while they are still with their parents, who can help them to judge correctly and choose wisely. I don't send my children deliberately out to meet evil, but I encourage them to be so strong in the right that they may be able to withstand evil. In this way only can they be safe."

Mrs. Disbrow did more than this, for she encouraged the children of the neighborhood to make a playground of her lawn, and, often un-

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seen by them, she learned their ways and their methods and heard their words.

Gradually she found her way into their confidence by helping in their plays, until at last she was a recognized friend and counsellor and was so familiar with them all that she could dare to suggest purer speech, more honest methods, nobler ideals. In this way she, to some extent, solved her own problem and also helped the children of other mothers who were oblivious to the need of help.

Mrs. Van Orden could not quite understand her neighbor, Mrs. Disbrow.

"Are n't you anxious to have your children join the church?" she asked, the day after her own daughter had become a communicant.

"I shall be happy when they choose to ally themselves with the church," replied Mrs. Disbrow, "but I don't talk much to them about it. You see," she continued, in answer to a surprised look in Mrs. Van Orden's face, "I think that it is a matter that will take care of itself. I am far more anxious that they shall be earnest Christians than merely church members. I believe that their Christian experience will in

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time lead them to desire to unite with those who openly profess themselves followers of Christ."

"But I should think you would be uneasy all the time."

"Not when I see them developing the graces of Christian character every day. That is what I am anxious about."

The two ladies were watching a procession pass through the street, and after a half-hour of looking at the masses of people, Mrs. Van Orden exclaimed, "How many, many people, — and perhaps not one of them has thought of death this day."

"That is no matter," rejoined Mrs. Disbrow, "if they have thought of life."

"Do you think, then, that this life is all there is of importance?" Mrs. Van Orden looked at her friend with a face almost horrified in its expression.

Mrs. Disbrow smiled. "What other life is there except this life?" she asked.

"Why, the life to come, the future life, wherein we are judged for the deeds done in this life."

Mrs. Disbrow's smile grew brighter as she answered: "Life is all one, the past, the present,

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the future, — one continuous life. Death does not end one life and begin another. Death is but a door through which life passes, unchanged by the transition."

"But you teach your children to prepare for death, don't you?"

"No, I teach them to prepare for life everlasting."

"Well, but you teach them of future punishment that may be eternal in the next world?"

"I teach them that all evil conduct meets with punishment, and that punishment is not postponed till after death. I teach them that all sin is punished, and the punishment begins at once, though they may not realize it. The punishment is in deterioration of character. Every succeeding sin adds to this deterioration, which will become eternal loss unless they turn around and go the other way."

"I should think you'd have to teach them something more awful than that, or they would not be influenced much towards giving up the sins of the flesh."

"They already believe that loss of character

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— not reputation, you understand — is the most dreadful thing that can come to any one. As long as they believe and act from this standpoint, I shall have no fear.”

“But you teach them of repentance and conversion and giving their hearts to Christ and of the judgment of God, do you not?”

Mrs. Disbrow's voice was low and reverent, as she replied: “I teach them that God is their loving Father who does not desire that any should perish; that Jesus Christ is their Saviour and example; that judgment, like life itself, is continuous, and that every day is a day of judgment; that heaven or hell may be here and now; that Jesus came to remove the sting from death, and that we might have more abundant life.”

Mrs. Van Orden shook her head doubtfully, and said, “I shall teach my children after the good old way, a way that I am sure they will understand.”

That Julius and Gladys understood, Mrs. Disbrow did not doubt; her confidential talks with them were too true and frequent to leave any room for uncertainty.

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The two children often talked to each other. One such conversation we may repeat.

"Millie Van Orden is going to join the church next Sunday," said Gladys.

"Yes, I know. Orden is n't, though. He says he wants to have some fun in life first. I've been thinking about it a good deal, and it seems to me I ought to join. Does n't it seem so to you?"

Gladys paused. "Don't you want to have some fun, too?" she asked.

"Why, of course. But you remember what mother tells us, that fun is n't worth having unless we are not ashamed of it. It seems to me that we can have really good times and belong to the church too."

"Why, yes. I would n't care for any better times than I can have and be a church member. But boys are different. They want to do things that girls would n't want to do, anyway."

"Well, there's one thing I've found out," said Julius. "You're not teased as much to do wrong things if the boys know where you stand. No one asks me to smoke, for they know my principles." And Julius said this with a half

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smile at his own use of big words. "I think it would be the same way if they knew I belonged to the church. I often hear the boys say, 'Oh, you need n't ask Arthur Hyatt, he's a church member.' It seems to me it's only right to show your colors."

"I think so, too," said Gladys, "and then it will be so nice to be with mother in 'God's family,' as she calls the church; and then I suppose we ought to be really just as good if we don't belong to the church as if we do."

Soon after this both children made an open profession of their faith and united with the church. On the evening of this happy day the mother was sitting in the twilight with a hand of each in hers.

"I am very happy to-night," she said. "I knew you were trying to be true followers of Christ, but I am glad that you have declared to the world your faith in Him and your intention to work openly for the coming of His kingdom."

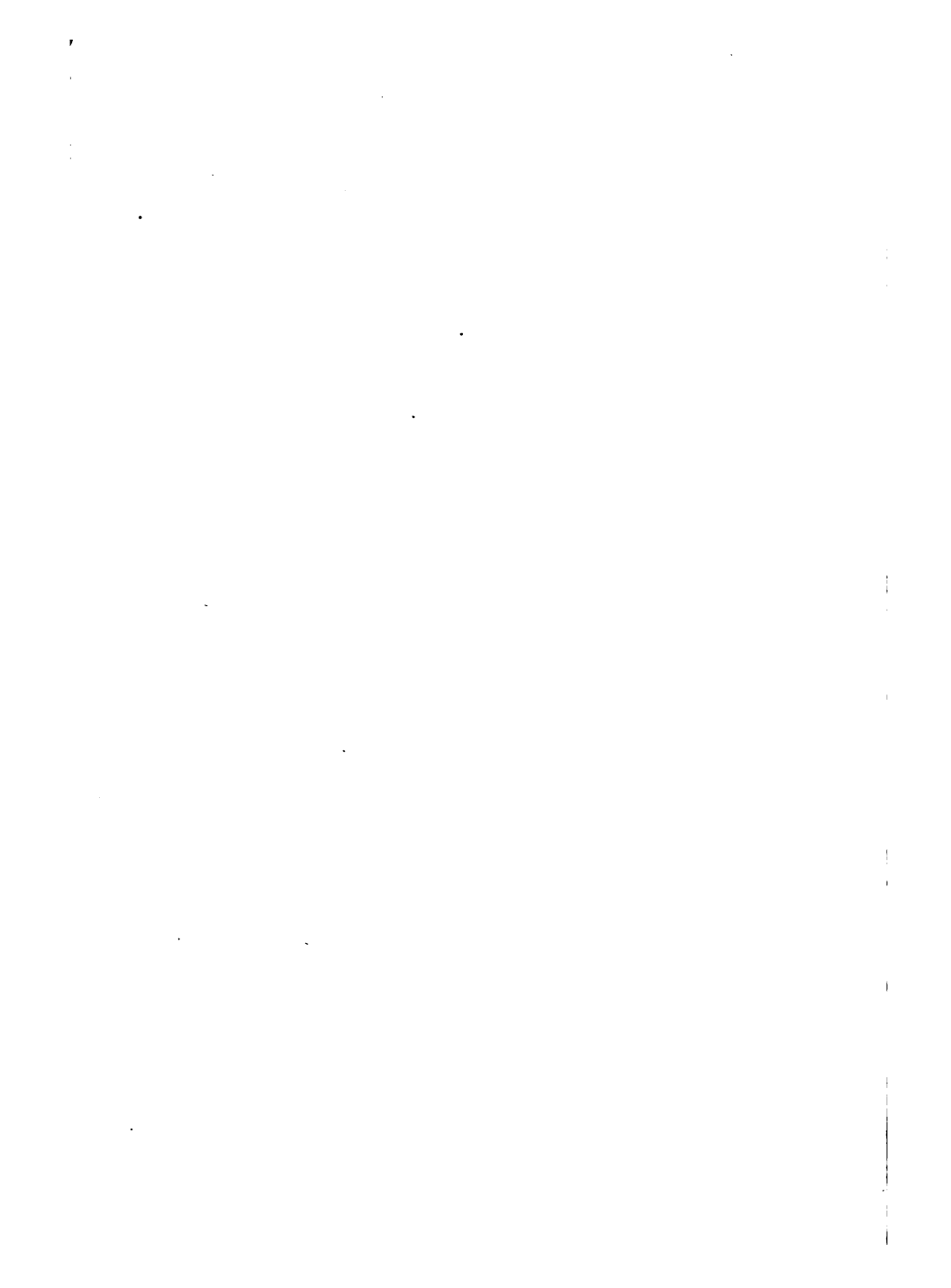
"If father were only with us," murmured Gladys, "our happiness would be complete." There was a stir on the veranda, and Mr. Disbrow came through the open window and,

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taking a hand of each child, completed the circle.

"Father is with you," he said. "For a long time I have felt that I ought to declare myself a Christian. To-day has decided me. I am with you now for life and death."

There were happy tears in Mrs. Disbrow's eyes, as she said softly, "*Through* death for life."



XII

HOW TWO MOTHERS SAID "NO"

(TWELVE YEARS)

XII

HOW TWO MOTHERS SAID "NO"

(TWELVE YEARS)

XII

HOW TWO MOTHERS SAID "NO"

(TWELVE YEARS)

No. 1

"OH, mamma, Katie Hall is going to have a party Wednesday evening, and they are going to have ice-cream, and a band from the city, and they are going to dance. It won't begin till eight o'clock, and Bessie Hertton is going to have a new pink dress, and Katie is going to have a white one, low neck and short sleeves; and, mamma, they're going to have little programmes just like grown-up folks, and — and, oh, I want a new dress too; and you'll let me go to the party, won't you?" And little Lena Wallace fairly danced in her excitement at the prospect.

Mrs. Wallace's face had darkened as she listened to Lena's recital of the attractions of the coming party, and she hardly waited for her daughter's plea for permission to share its de-

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lights when she answered, with almost as much excitement in her manner as the little girl had manifested :

"Well, I guess not. I don't believe in any such nonsense. Dancing and programmes and low-necked dresses for children like you ! I did n't think Mrs. Hall was such a simpleton. You need n't begin to cry and tease, for you won't go to any such party, I can tell you. You 'll go to bed as a respectable child should, and that's all there is of it."

"But why can't I go, mamma ? All the other girls are going."

"I don't care anything about that ; I 'm not responsible for what the other girls do. I don't have to take care of them if they 're sick, and I do of you."

"But it won't make me sick, mamma."

"Oh, of course *you* know all about that better than I do, don't you ?"

"Well, mamma, Bessie and Katie and Lulu go to parties all the time, and they 're not sick, and they do have such good times. I never have any fun," she added with a pout.

"Oh, no !" responded Mrs. Wallace, ironically.

How Two Mothers said "No"

"You never have any good times. Your mother is mean and ugly. She never buys you any pretty things. She never sits up half the night to make you pretty dresses. I would n't have such a mother if I were you."

If Mrs. Wallace expected her irony to arouse repentance in her little daughter's heart, she was disappointed, for, without attending in the least to the sarcasm, Lena again began her teasing; and the argument continued until both were in a fever of anger and Lena was finally sent to bed in punishment for her impudence. There was little love in her heart that night for her mother, and the next day, when telling Katie why she could not attend the party, she repeated some of Mrs. Wallace's remarks concerning Mrs. Hall's foolishness, which, repeated by Katie to her mother, resulted in the breaking of a life-long friendship between the two ladies.

Lena's desire to attend parties was only augmented by her mother's opposition, until at length her most overwhelming desire was to grow up, leave school, and to have a good time in a round of gayety.

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No. 2

"Oh, mamma, Katie Hall is going to have a party. And there's going to be a band from the city, and they're going to dance and have ice-cream and the wonderfulest cake. And oh, mamma, there's going to be some little girls and boys from Bellevue, and — and, oh, it's just going to be lovely! Can't I go? Do, please, please, please. I never went to a real party, you know, mamma. Please, may n't I go?"

"I shall have to know about it, dear, before I answer that question," replied Mrs. Clayton, smiling at the little girl's eagerness.

"What do you want to know? I can tell you all about it. I've heard Katie tell it all over a dozen times."

"When does the party begin?"

"Oh, at eight o'clock."

"When does it end?"

"I don't know. Nine o'clock, maybe."

"Later than that, I fancy. But you wait until to-morrow, then I'll answer you."

Ora Clayton was used to her mother's ways;

How Two Mothers said "No"

and while this delay did not crush her hopes, it did not make her feel certain that her request would be granted. Only one thing was she sure of, and that was that, whichever way her mother decided, it would be the way she thought would be best for her little daughter. So, with that feeling of trust in her heart, she waited for the morrow.

At bedtime Ora, as usual, prepared to listen to her evening story. "Tell a fairy story, mamma, please," she begged.

Mrs. Clayton thought a moment, then began:

"Once upon a time a group of fairies were gathered around the Fairy Queen, who was giving them some directions before sending them into a new world where none of them had ever been before.

"'You are going on a journey,' the Fairy Queen said to them, 'into a wonderful world where you will see and learn many strange things. I want you to have a good time, the best time possible, but in order to do that you must remember what I am telling you. In the first place, you must never have your eyes open when darkness comes. As soon as you see the shad-

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ows deepening, you must find your flower home and hide in some blossom and shut your eyes until the sun comes again.

“‘The Black Elves are very mischievous, and they roam about at night looking for any Bright-wing fairies who have their eyes open; but if your eyes are shut the Black Elves cannot see you. You will remember this?’ asked the Fairy Queen, and all the Bright-wing fairies nodded their heads, ‘Yes, yes.’

“‘Then you must eat only the honey crystals on which the sun shines and the morning wind has purified. The dark honey-dew that grows on the under side of the flower leaves and is found only at night tastes very sweet, but it is poisonous and will make your wings grow very pale and heavy, so they cannot bear you up easily, and it will tire you to fly!’

“The Bright-wing fairies all shook their heads and said, ‘We will eat none of the dark honey-dew that grows only at night!’

“Then the Fairy Queen gave them each a beautiful pink dress, as she said:

“‘This is a magic dress. See how well it fits.’

How Two Mothers said "No"

"Each Bright-wing fairy put on the beautiful dress given by the Fairy Queen and found it fitted perfectly.

"'In the new world to which you are going,' continued the Fairy Queen, 'you will grow and grow, but your beautiful pink dress will grow too, so it will always fit just as it does now unless you do it some great injury. If you tear it, it will mend itself, and as long as you obey my laws it will keep its bright, beautiful color. Go now to the new world, and as long as you keep my laws you will be happy. You will not see me, but I shall see you, and if you disobey me you will feel my displeasure.'

"So the beautiful fairies flew away to the new world, where each found a flower home. While the sun shone, they flew from flower to tree, from mountain to valley, from sparkling lake to forest glen, in perfect happiness, and when the shadows began to deepen they hastened to their flower homes and tightly shut their eyes until the bright light, touching their closed eyelids, told them it was day.

"For a long time they did just as the Fairy Queen had bade them, and were happy. Then

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one night one wakeful little Bright-wing fairy heard the Black Elves whispering under the flower leaves in the darkness.

“‘They are such simpletons, these Bright-wing fairies,’ said one Black Elf. ‘They shut their eyes when the shadows deepen, and they never see the Queen of the Night, nor the lovely Silver Fairies that are with her. And they never taste the crimson honey-dew that gathers on the under side of the flower leaves. If only they would open their eyes and come out into the night, they would know what real pleasure is.’

“And the wakeful little Bright-wing fairy heard, and forgot the Fairy Queen’s orders. She opened her eyes and saw the wonders of the night. She stole away from her flower home, and went away with the Black Elves. She even ate of the dark red honey-dew, and listened to the magic music of the Silver Fairies. Then she stole back to her flower home and shut her eyes till the morning, and thought that no one knew where she had been. The Bright-wing fairies did not know, but the Fairy Queen knew, and touched the wings of the naughty little fairy, and they began to grow heavy.

How Two Mothers said "No"

"The naughty Bright-wing fairy did not notice it at first, but after a time she found that she could not fly as fast and as far as her companions.

"What is the matter with you?' they began to ask her. 'Your wings seem heavy and they are not so bright as they were. And your beautiful dress is fading. And see, there is a little hole. Why does it not mend itself, as ours do?'

"I cannot tell,' the naughty Bright-wing fairy said, and yet in her heart she knew it was because she had listened to the Black Elves and did not keep her eyes closed when the night shadows came. But she loved the dark honeydew and the music of the Silver Fairies, and she would not believe that the Fairy Queen was showing her displeasure in the heavy wings and the fading dress. So she kept on in her naughtiness and continued growing more heavy-winged, and her dress faded more and more and did not mend the tears, and so it began to hang in rags and tatters about her. Then she remembered that the Fairy Queen had said, 'If this dress wears out, you can never have another, but you must go away from the beautiful new world and leave your companions.' The naughty Bright-

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wing fairy wept, for she had disobeyed the laws of the Fairy Queen and knew that the end was near. Her companions grieved with her, but could not help her. More faded and tattered she grew and more feeble, until at last she could fly no more. And one morning the Bright-wing fairies found only the torn and faded dress of their companion. The naughty Bright-wing fairy was gone forever.

“Very sadly they covered the faded dress with the leaves of the flowers and sang a sweet song of farewell.

“‘Oh, if she had only obeyed,’ they said sorrowfully among themselves. ‘But we will learn by her sad fate; we will not listen to the Black Elves, nor eat the crimson honey-dew. We will be obedient.’

“And the little, faithful Bright-wing fairies still spend their days among the bright flowers and close their eyes obediently when the shadows deepen, and the Fairy Queen smiles and rewards them, for their beautiful garments glow with brightness and their wings are never weary.”

“That was a lovely story,” said Ora, as she

How Two Mothers said "No"

kissed her mother good-night. The next day she had not forgotten that her mother was to answer her plea to be allowed to attend the party.

"Did you find out about Katie's party, mamma? And can I go?"

Mrs. Clayton smiled. "I should think a little Bright-wing fairy could answer that question for herself," she answered.

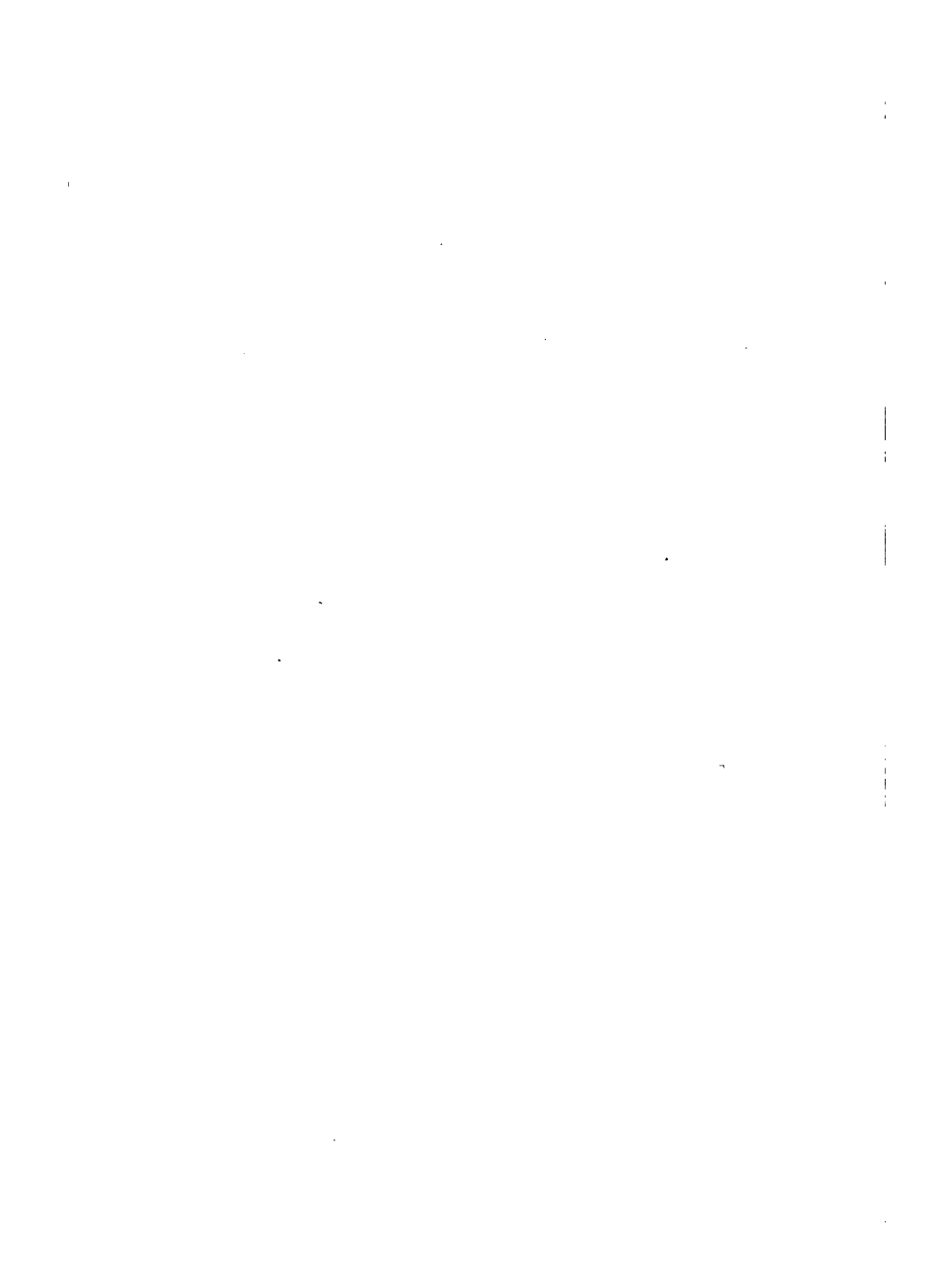
Ora looked at her mother for a moment questioningly, then a light broke over her face.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "I see. I am a Bright-wing fairy, and my body is my pink dress that mends itself. And are you the Fairy Queen?" she asked.

"No, dear, the Fairy Queen is the law of God."

"Yes," said Ora, thoughtfully, as she turned away. Later in the day she came and kissed her mother, saying softly:

"You are such a lovely mamma, and you do have the beautifullest ways of saying, 'No.'"



XIII

HOW TWO MOTHERS SOLVED A PROBLEM

(THIRTEEN YEARS)

XIII
HOW TWO MOTHERS SOLVED
A PROBLEM

(THIRTEEN YEARS)

No. 1

“**M**AMMA, may I go over to Dill Petersen’s?
The boys are going to have a circus in
his barn, and I want to go.”

“Well, you can’t go. You know well enough
that Dill Petersen is not a fit boy for you to play
with.”

“But all the other boys are going, and they’re
fit for me to play with. Come, let me go.”

“I don’t care if all the other boys are going,
you can’t go, and that’s the end of it. I am
ashamed that you want to play with such a boy
as Dill Petersen. You have been taught better.
Now stop your whining right off this minute, or
I’ll give you something to whine about. And
clear out from under my feet. You’re more
bother than you’re worth.”

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"Well, what 'll I do if I can't go over there? Can I have Billy Waterman come over here and play with me?"

"I should say not. The last time Billy was here he picked all my carnations —"

"We were playing funeral —"

"Oh, of course you had some excuse for your mischief. You always have. I should think, with all your nice playthings and this big yard, you might play alone one afternoon. Go along now and swing, or play ball, or read your new book. Come, move along now, I'm in a hurry."

Dick Benton moved along out to the front gate, where he stood with a sullen face and a rebellious heart. The "big yard" with its cool shadows, the inviting swing, and the new book, had no allurements for him comparable with those of the "circus" in Dill Petersen's barn, whither the boys were now tending.

"Come on, Dick," they said, as they passed.

"Can't. Ma won't let me," was the terse reply.

"Aw! come on anyway," said Joe Brill, the biggest boy of the crowd.

"She 'll lick me," responded Dick.

How Two Mothers solved a Problem

"Well, what of that?" replied Joe. "'Scoldin's don't hurt, and lickin's don't last long,'" he quoted. "Ain't you a man enough to stand a little pain? 'Fore I'd be tied to mammy's apron-string," he tantalized.

The taunt was too much for Dick's spirit to brook. With one fling of the hands he broke the imaginary apron-string, loosed himself from all restraining bonds, and followed the dictates of his own desires.

When night came and he felt the punishment of an irate mother, he gritted his teeth, experiencing a sense of manliness as he repeated to himself, "Scoldin's don't hurt, and lickin's don't last long."

Mrs. Benton wondered why Dick was so disobedient, why he grew less and less mindful of her words, and why at last he defied the restraints of social and civil law and became an outcast.

"I'm sure I tried hard enough to bring him up right and to keep him away from bad company; I really don't see why I should be punished in this way."

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No. 2

"MAMMA, may I go to Dill Petersen's this afternoon? The boys are going over to have a circus in his barn. It's going to be lots of fun."

"Do you think Dill Petersen a good boy?"

"Well, no, mamma, not very. But all the other boys are going, and I want to go awful bad."

Mrs. Harper was busy. It was baking day, and a batch of cookies was in progress, and there was dinner to get. There did not seem to be a bit of time to spare in discussing the question of going to a circus in Dill Petersen's barn; but Mrs. Harper was trying to obtain a clear idea of relative values, and she thought, in the midst of her household cares, that her boy's companionship was really of more importance than cookies, or even dinner. She therefore paused in her work and sat down a moment to think. The home was a pleasant place. The yard was large and well shaded. To her it was far more attractive than a barn full of active boys playing circus, but she knew it was not so to the

How Two Mothers solved a Problem

ardent little son who stood before her, his eager face all aglow with impatience to learn her decision.

"I wish you 'd make up your mind right off, mamma," he urged. "The boys are going now, and I ought to be off at once."

Oh, this eagerness of youth to be up and doing! What a wonderful quality it is, if only rightly guided. Mrs. Harper thought of this, as she quietly said: "Yes, dear, I know, but I must think a little. You know we want you to be careful about your companions, and Dill Petersen —"

"But, mamma, all the good boys will be there, so he can't do me much harm."

"If it were really a necessity for you to go I would trust you, but I'd much rather you did not go where bad boys are when you can keep away. Now, let me think a moment."

For a brief space she sat silent. A thought had come to her. It meant sacrifice, but for her boy's good what would she not give up? He had no father to guide him by his wisdom. She must have wisdom, love, insight, and patience herself.

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"Charlie," she said, after this pause, "are Harry and Paul going to the circus?"

"Yes 'm, I think so."

"Do their mothers know?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I am sure their mothers would not want them to go. Don't you think you three boys could have a nice circus at home?"

"But, mamma, we have n't any barn."

"No, but we have a house."

Charlie looked at his mother in astonishment. Their house was so small. What room was there for a circus? Only three rooms downstairs and two above, and all of these in use. He shook his head incredulously.

"Where could we have a circus in our house?"

"Why, dear, I'd give you the parlor. You and the boys could take up the carpet, and we'd roll it up and put it away. Then you could bring your parallel bars and put up a trapeze. And I think I'd call it a gymnasium instead of a circus. You would n't want it to be just like what the other boys have, would you?"

"Oh, mother, do you mean you'd give up your parlor for good for us boys?"

How Two Mothers solved a Problem

"Yes, dear. I could sit in the dining-room and see you perform, and that would be better than having a parlor."

"We could perform in the yard sometimes, mother, but in stormy weather it would be fine to have a gym just like the Y. M. C. A. Can I have Tom Barr, too? He's poor, and he can do such jolly stunts. And can I go and ask the boys now?"

Permission granted, away sped the little feet, and soon the boys were there, eager to start the "gym." Mrs. Harper assisted with suggestions and cookies, and soon the parlor was dismantled of adornments, and the bare room left for the furnishing of the boys.

The gymnasium was recognized by all the boys as far more select and desirable than the circus. Moreover, it was a permanent thing and not dependent on the weather. Those who were admitted to membership were obliged to behave while in its precincts, and public opinion, as personified by the athletic members, grew to demand good behavior even when abroad.

Mrs. Harper subscribed for a magazine of athletics and took such a personal interest in the

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acquirements of the lads that no performance was fully satisfactory unless witnessed by her.

"It cost some natural pangs," she said in later years, "to give up my parlor, but it more than paid in results." And her eyes shone with pride as she looked at her manly son.

XIV
TEACHING BUSINESS METHODS
(THIRTEEN YEARS)

XIV

TEACHING BUSINESS METHODS

(THIRTEEN YEARS)

No. 1

“**H**ERE, Davie, is a penny; now go and buy yourself some candy!”

The guest smiled indulgently at the little fellow, who clapped his hands in an ecstasy as he received the gift and looked to his mother for permission to follow the suggestion that accompanied it. She nodded smilingly, and the little feet were soon speeding on the way to the nearest candy store.

“It takes so little to please a child,” said the guest. “I always like to give children a penny, it makes them so happy.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Lane, sympathetically, “and it does n’t take long for the children to know just how to spend it.”

It was true that Davie knew very well where to

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put his pennies, and those that found their way into his hands were soon in the grocer's or confectioner's money drawers. Davie never knew just how many pennies he would have to spend and never made any attempt to save any. The only money that was not immediately expended was that which he received on Sunday morning to put into the collection at Sunday-school. As soon as he discovered that drug stores were open on Sunday, this penny, too, was spent for his own delectation, and the Sunday-school collection suffered loss. When Mrs. Lane discovered this alienation of the Sunday-school money from its original purpose, she refused to let him have the penny until just as he entered the Sunday-school room.

Finding that money disappeared very easily, Davie, as he grew older, began to negotiate with his mother for payment in return for a service rendered, declining to go on an errand unless paid for it. Mr. Lane would smile at this as an evidence of Davie's business ability and would express the hope that the boy would not become miserly.

"There is n't the least danger of that," Mrs.

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Lane would reply, "so long as he spends his money as lavishly as he does now."

When Davie was ten years old, the business spirit in him moved him to work up for himself a newspaper route. He was active, energetic, and punctual in his delivery of papers to his customers; he made a good profit on his investment, but still accumulated nothing.

"I don't see," his father would say, "why it is, Davie, that you are always out of money. Can't you save something?"

"I don't see how I can," Davie would reply; "there is always something that I want, and then, you know, treating 'the fellows' costs a good deal."

"Treating!" exclaimed his mother, with a sudden feeling of alarm. "What do you treat them to?"

"Oh, soda-water, ginger pop, and such things."

"That certainly cannot cost very much," protested Mrs. Lane.

"But you see, mother, you don't understand it. If there are six of us and one fellow treats all six, then, of course, the other fellows must treat the other six too, and it uses up a lot of change."

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"But why do you do it?" persisted the mother.

"Why, you would n't have me mean, would you?" asked the boy, with a tone of scorn for the economy that would to the boys look like stinginess.

There was no use talking to Davie along this line. He was one of "the fellows," and their code of ethics or of social obligations was his, and he must live up to it. So Davie was always bankrupt unless he could obtain gifts from his parents, or, as sometimes happened, he could abstract a few pennies or a dime or two from his mother's purse.

"It is mine, anyway," he would say, excusingly, to his conscience. "She has borrowed of me lots of times and never paid back, so I'm just taking what's my own."

At fourteen Davie's desire to leave school and enter business was so strong that it overcame his father's better judgment, and Davie was allowed to go to work in a shop. As he still retained his newspaper route, his new earnings increased his ability for self-indulgence, and of this he very willingly took advantage. Having

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found it easy to abstract small sums from his mother's pocket-book, he did not find it difficult to try the same methods upon his employer's money drawer. This being discovered, he was discharged, and for some time was out of work. This leisure was spent, greatly to his detriment, among "the fellows," as he still called them, until his father, becoming very uneasy, made persistent efforts to obtain a new situation for the lad, and Davie took up this new work with the positive assurance from his father that any lack of honesty on his part would meet with severe punishment.

When Davie became twenty years of age, he had acquired a very fair working acquaintance with the business in which he was engaged, although his old spendthrift habits still remained. Up to this time he had borne nothing of the burden of his own subsistence. His father had furnished him board, lodging, and clothes, Davie having bought for himself only an occasional flashy necktie or piece of cheap jewelry. At this time an opportunity came for buying out his employer for a small payment in cash, the balance on easy terms. The idea of being an inde-

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pendent man of business was so alluring that Davie began to beseech his father for his assistance in making the purchase.

"If you had ever saved a cent of money in your life," asserted Mr. Lane, "I would very gladly invest my small earnings in a business for you, but so far you have n't even clothed yourself."

"Oh, father, but I would if I had a business of my own. You see, I would then be making enough money, so that it would be possible."

In the end his appeals overcame his father's better judgment, and the business was purchased. But Davie knew nothing of business methods. He was a fairly good workman, but he had very little idea of how to buy to advantage and not the slightest notion of economy. He had no bank account, knew nothing of how to make deposits, and looked upon every dollar put into the bank as profits which might be expended on his own personal indulgences. The result was that in a few months' time he had exhausted his stock of goods, had no money to replace it, had no credit, and had the reputation of being a spendthrift. His father endeavored to repair the

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unfortunate condition, with a resulting absorption of his own small earnings and the complete bankruptcy of both father and son.

"I really don't see why it is," fretfully declared Mrs. Lane, "that our Davie should meet with such misfortune, when Felix Bryan has had such good luck in business. I know that he is n't as smart as Davie is, and yet see how successful he has been."

"You hit the nail on the head, mother," said Davie, in extenuation of his misfortunes. "Felix always was a lucky fellow, and I never had any luck. There is no use trying to fight against your luck."

No. 2

A STUDY of the life of Felix Bryan and the educational methods employed by his parents will give one a very good understanding why he was lucky.

Mr. Bryan was a working-man with even less daily income than his neighbor, Mr. Lane, but he was a man who gave much thought to the subject of training his son for an honorable

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career. When Felix was only a month old, his father opened for him a bank account with five dollars.

"There, my little man," he said to the unresponsive infant, "there is a nest egg for you. I hope, by the time you are old enough to go into business for yourself, it will be quite a tidy sum to help you start."

"I shan't be able to add very much to it each year," he added, turning to his wife, "but the occasional pennies and nickels which we may be able to save will amount to considerable in twenty-one years."

"I'll tell you," exclaimed Mrs. Bryan. "Let's save all the new money that comes into our hands."

And so it happened that many a bright penny, nickel, and dime found its way into the baby's bank. As soon as he was old enough, he learned to put all the bright pennies that were given him into the little glass bank that stood upon the mantel, and to watch with pride the accumulation of the coin that he was taught to consider his future resource. As he grew older, Mr. Bryan became a little concerned for fear that

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his baby was learning to be saving but not generous, or not even acquiring the principles of judicious spending, which are quite as important as thrifty saving.

"I must devise some way," he said to his wife, "to teach the lad the true principles of business, — how to gain, how to save, and how to spend, — trusting that he will be able to make a better application of those principles than his father has done."

Felix was about five years of age when his father began this attempt. His first step was to prepare a small box which he divided into eight compartments; four of these he painted white in color, the alternate four in pink. Then he called Felix to him.

"Here," he said, "are eight pennies. The ones which I put into these little white spaces are for Sunday-school; the other pennies are for you, one for each week, to spend just as you please."

Felix looked up into his father's face with questioning surprise.

"What can I buy with them, father?" he asked.

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"Anything you want," replied the father, "but remember, you have only one a week; having spent that, you must wait till the next week for the other."

Just at that moment a week did n't seem very long to the little fellow, and he seized the penny which was his and ran away to invest it in gum-drops. Ten minutes later the sweets had disappeared along with the penny, and Felix was gazing with longing eyes at the next penny compartment, which still held its proportion of money. The week seemed wonderfully long, and many a time Felix had a wish to appropriate money in advance; but he was a loyal little soul and obediently followed his father's instructions. When the next Monday morning came around, Felix was ready to spend his money for perishable sweets. After two or three weeks had passed, Mr. Bryan thought it time to suggest some other method of expenditure.

"How would it do," he asked, "if this week you were to buy something that would last a little longer than candy?"

"What could I buy?" inquired the little lad.

"Suppose you spend to-day in looking around

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and seeing what other things there may be that you desire."

The result of this advice was that Felix bought a whistle, which he enjoyed for several days before losing it.

After a while Felix's desires had expanded, and he longed for something more expensive.

"Could n't I take two pennies one week and go without the next week?" he asked of his father.

"Yes, you might," said his father; "the pennies are yours."

Then another idea occurred to the boy. "Could n't I take my Sunday-school penny this week? You know Aunt Sarah is coming to see us, and I am sure that she will give me a penny for Sunday-school."

"Let's see about that a little, my son," replied the father. "You think you might take the Sunday-school penny, although you have put it into the Sunday-school compartment and by so doing have given it to the Sunday-school. I have put these four pennies into the other places and by so doing have given them to you. Now, if you are at liberty to take the money out of the

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Sunday-school places, I suppose I may be at liberty to take the pennies out of the other places. Is that so?"

Felix looked a little doubtful.

"You gave them to me," he said, "and we boys call any one an 'Indian giver' when he takes back something that he has given."

"Yes," responded Mr. Bryan; "that is correct. I would be an 'Indian giver' if I took the pennies I had given to you; and would n't you be an 'Indian giver' if you took back the pennies you had given to the Sunday-school?"

Felix nodded assent to this, for he understood it. He would n't be an "Indian giver;" but was there not some other way by means of which he could buy the more expensive articles?

"A ball costs two cents, father," he said, "and it would take only one penny of next week's money. Could n't you let me have that?"

"Why, I think," responded Mr. Bryan, thoughtfully, "I might advance you the penny, but I should have to have your note."

"What's that?" inquired the boy.

Mr. Bryan explained the meaning of a note,

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and Felix was very willing to give his note for the advance penny. By this time he had learned how long a week is, and waited very cheerfully until next pay-day, when he handed his father the one penny and received his cancelled note in return.

This method of transacting business Felix enjoyed very much, particularly when his father borrowed of him and gave his note.

As time went on, Felix's allowance was increased, but his desires kept pace with it. This gave his father an opportunity to teach other business methods. A jack-knife became one of Felix's most ardent longings, but, even if he saved every penny, it would take several weeks before he could accumulate enough to purchase it.

"You might buy it on the instalment plan," suggested his father.

"How is that?" inquired Felix.

"I could buy the knife, you see," explained Mr. Bryan, "and then I could sell it to you, and you pay me a small sum weekly. I should be obliged, however, to charge you more than I paid for the knife, in order that I might have some returns for advancing the cash."

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"All right," said Felix. And he entered into the arrangement with great enthusiasm.

For a number of weeks the payments were made promptly, and then a desire arose in Felix's heart for something that he could not have if he paid his weekly instalment.

"Could n't I just leave out one week, papa?" he said to his father.

"Why, yes, you could," said Mr. Bryan, thinking it probably wiser to allow Felix to learn by experience what would happen when instalments were not promptly paid.

Finding this an easy thing to do, Felix permitted himself more than once to allow the payment to lapse, and was very greatly surprised when his father one day told him that the time agreed upon for the full payment for his knife had arrived and the contract had not been lived up to; that, therefore, he would be obliged to take the knife into his own possession, Felix losing not only the knife, but all the money he had paid on it.

"It does n't seem to me that that is quite fair," said Felix.

In reply Mr. Bryan brought out the contract

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which was signed by both of them and which stated that, in case of default of full payment by a certain date, the ownership of the knife should pass into the hands of Mr. Bryan and the money already paid in be forfeited.

"It is n't fair," maintained Felix, stoutly.

"Possibly not," replied his father, "but that is the way the instalment business is conducted. Don't you remember my reading aloud, some time ago, how a woman lost her sewing-machine in just this way?"

"Yes," said Felix, "but I did n't suppose my father would do business in that way."

Mr. Bryan winced a little, but still thought it best not to back down from his position. However, he made a suggestion to Felix.

"There is one way out of the trouble, my son," he said. "You can borrow money to complete your payments and then pay off this new debt as fast as possible."

Felix grasped at this means of escaping from the dilemma and began to look out for some one to lend him the necessary funds. His mother, privately advised by Mr. Bryan, offered to make him the loan at two per cent a month. This

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seemed to Felix very small interest, and so the arrangement was made. The money was passed over to Mr. Bryan, and the knife became Felix's absolute property. The weekly payments to his mother were made with promptness, and it was with great delight that the little fellow laid down his final nickel, saying heartily, "I am glad that debt is paid."

"But," said the mother, counting the money slowly, "you have forgotten the interest."

"Oh, so I did," said Felix, "but that is n't much, only two per cent, you know. Why don't you charge full legal interest?" he asked with quite a grown-up air.

"Because," said his mother, "I wanted you to learn how people who do not understand computing interest may be swindled. I did n't charge you at the rate of two per cent a year, but two per cent a month. Now let us see what that will amount to."

With his slate and pencil Felix, with the assistance of his mother, figured out the interest and was astonished by its magnitude.

"You see," said his mother, "when you depart from the method of buying only what you

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can pay for at once, you find yourself in a great deal of trouble. You pay a great deal more for the article than you would if you paid cash. You run the possibility of losing it altogether or of getting so deeply in debt that, in order to free yourself, you are obliged to borrow at a ruinous rate of interest. Sometimes boys do not see what use it is to study arithmetic in school, but I think you will understand now that everything that you can learn concerning figures will be of practical value to you when you go into the business world."

Felix was sure that, from that time, arithmetic would have a new interest for him.

Seeing the success of his friend, Davie Lane, awakened in Felix's heart a desire also to own a newspaper route. He had not Davie's self-confidence and aggressiveness to work up a route for himself and was greatly pleased when he found a lad who was willing to sell his route.

"If I only had the money, father," he said, "it would be such a fine chance. Can you think of any way for me to raise the money? Could you advance it to me? I would give you my note, you know."

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"Yes," said Mr. Bryan, meditatively, "of course you'd give me your note, but for a sum as large as that I think I should want some security. Perhaps I could take a mortgage on your express wagon."

The subject of mortgages being clearly explained to the boy, he was quite willing to enter upon such an arrangement in order to purchase this newspaper business. Meanwhile, under his father's direction, he had opened a bank account and had been duly instructed how to make a deposit and to draw a check.

Of course, the first weeks after entering upon his new vocation all of Felix's profits went towards paying off the mortgage; but even after the mortgage was raised, his bank account did not grow as rapidly as both he and his father had expected.

"I really don't see why it is," remarked Mr. Bryan, "that you are n't getting ahead faster. I was about to propose that you should now begin to buy certain articles of clothing for yourself, so as to be getting more independent; but you really are n't making headway fast enough yet to undertake this new expenditure. Let's

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look over your account-book and see if we can discover the leak."

Felix had early been taught to keep an accurate account of his expenses under his father's direction, but of late Mr. Bryan had paid very little attention to the matter, knowing that Felix was both honest and accurate. Now, however, he saw a frequent entry which awakened his interest.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to several places in the book.

"Oh, that's treating the fellows," Felix replied.

Mrs. Bryan had always taken a deep interest in her son's business ventures. She now looked up with some alarm.

"Treating the fellows!" she exclaimed with amazement. "What do you treat them to?"

"Oh, soda-water and ginger pop. Nothing stronger, mother, I assure you. We never go to the saloons."

"I have often heard it said," commented Mrs. Bryan, "that the treating habit, under any conditions, is a path that leads to the saloon in the end."

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"I don't think that it ever will with me," replied Felix, stoutly.

"Still, I wish you would n't treat or be treated," persisted the mother.

"But what would the boys think of me?" questioned Felix. "They would call me mean and stingy and make fun of me."

"Would you care about that if you knew you were doing right?" asked the mother.

Felix shook his head somewhat doubtfully.

"Let me tell you a story," interrupted Mr Bryan. "There was once a boy who was greatly laughed at by his schoolmates because he wore cowhide boots and peddled milk. He never made any replies to their jeers and laughter, but continued quietly about his business. After a while the boys made a discovery that turned their scorn into admiration. A little cripple boy, living in the outskirts of the town, helped his grandmother by peddling milk. He had just bought a pair of very heavy boots for winter wear, when he met with an accident and was taken to the hospital. A school-boy friend of his learned these facts and, feeling sure that the grandmother would have no means of support

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while her grandson was unable to help her, went and offered himself to her as an assistant in distributing milk to her customers. He also offered to help her with money, which she refused. But she added, 'If you would only buy these boots which my little grandson had just bought for himself, it would help us very much.' And so the boy bought the coarse, heavy boots and wore them, and carried milk for the old lady until her grandson was so far recovered as to be able to resume his duties; and all the time he had borne the jeers and scoffings of his companions in silence, but with a dignity that won their ultimate respect."

It was not necessary to point the moral of this little story. Felix saw it at once and exclaimed:

"I would be willing to do that way, but, you see, this is different."

"Nevertheless," continued his father, "you are injuring yourself by treating, for you are taking into your stomach that which is not only unnecessary but actually hurtful, and you are defrauding yourself and your friends of that which might be most enjoyable."

Felix looked at his father inquiringly.

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"You spend so much treating the boys," continued Mr. Bryan, "that you have nothing left with which to offer a courtesy to your best friends. There is to be a fine stereopticon lecture at our church next week. Were you thinking of going?"

"Oh, no, it costs fifty cents. I could n't afford it."

"If you spent no money from now on in treating, you could not only attend the lecture, but invite somebody to go with you."

Felix's eyes sparkled.

"I'll do it," he exclaimed, "and I'll invite mother to go with me."

The invitation was gladly accepted, and this helped greatly to strengthen Felix's determination in regard to treating. He did n't mind being called stingy when he thought of the coming lecture. It was a proud and happy boy and a proud and happy mother who walked up the aisle the evening of the lecture and seated themselves to see the beautiful pictures and hear the interesting explanations.

Felix discovered that cutting off the expenditure of pennies for personal indulgence soon gave him dollars to spend for higher pleasures,

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and many were the little conveniences that found their way into the home to add to the comfort and happiness of the parents.

When Felix was fifteen, the business spirit became so insistent that he began to express a desire to leave school and enter upon some occupation.

"Oh, please don't," pleaded the mother. "You will be sorry forever if you do."

Mr. Bryan, with his usual deliberation, thought the matter over seriously before expressing his opinion.

"I should be glad to see you a good scholar," he said to Felix, "and am willing to give you every opportunity in my power. I want to ask you to stay in school willingly for at least another year, to study cheerfully and with interest all the subjects that come before you, and if, at the end of that time, you still feel that it is your most earnest desire to go into business, I will make no more opposition, though you must remember always that it will be a disappointment to me if you do not at least go through High School."

If there had been a Manual Training Depart-

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ment in the school, it is probable that this would have furnished an outlet for Felix's activities and would have given him that opportunity to do something which would have satisfied him; but he was not fond of learning in the abstract. He wanted to work with concrete things, and, although he conscientiously pursued his studies for the year, at the end of that time he was still anxious to go into business. So a place was found for him where he could begin learning the routine of a calling which he felt sure would interest him. His industry and thorough honesty won the regard of his employer, so that he was steadily advanced from position to position until, when he was twenty-one, he stood next to the employer in point of responsibility.

One day he came to his father with a glowing countenance.

"Mr. Benson wants to sell out his business," he said, "and gives me the first chance. Now, if I could raise the funds, you and I would go into business together."

The father smiled.

"But I know nothing of your business," he said. "I should be of little help to you."

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"You could keep the books, father," said Felix. "I should not feel happy unless I were in partnership with you, as I always have been. The great question now is how to raise the money. Mr. Benson will make easy terms, but still, more cash is required than you and I together could raise."

Felix did not know how much his career had been observed by other business men. When it was learned that Felix could buy out his employer if he could only raise the cash, several prominent business men stepped forward offering to give him credit. So on his twenty-first birthday the sign of J. R. Benson was taken down, and that of Bryan & Company set up in its place.

As Felix and his father were standing in company with Mr. Benson looking at the new sign, Davie Lane, who had just failed in his business enterprise, came down the street and paused with them.

"Looks pretty fine, does n't it, Felix? My sign has just been taken down, you know. But then, that's just my luck. You always were a lucky fellow, Felix, and it's better to be born lucky than rich, you know."

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Mr. Benson laid his hands affectionately upon the shoulder of his former subordinate, and said :

“It is n’t luck. It is industry, honesty, and perseverance, with a knowledge of true business methods.”

XV

DEVELOPING MANLY CHARACTER

(FOURTEEN YEARS)



XV

DEVELOPING MANLY CHARACTER

(FOURTEEN YEARS)

No. 1

"**L**ATE, as usual," growled Mr. Hanson, as he looked up from the breakfast-table at a slim lad of fifteen who was entering the room hurriedly.

"It seems to me, Arthur," spoke Mrs. Hanson, in a fretful voice, from the lower end of the table, "that you might get up in time for breakfast. You really are getting very lazy."

"Does n't earn his salt," grumbled the father. "I tell you what it is, young man, you will have to do better than this, or you will have to go to work for a living."

With a sullen face the lad seated himself at the table, making no reply to the remarks of his parents.

"Art's getting to be quite a dude," said the

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elder sister, with a half sneer. "Look at his hair and his necktie. I should think, Art," she continued, "that you would know enough about the fitness of things not to try to wear a light blue tie with your black eyes and hair and grimy complexion. How much time did you spend at the looking-glass this morning?"

"I guess Art put in most of his time counting the hairs in his moustache. They are uneven, are n't they, Art?" laughed the elder brother. "It seems to me you have lost one on the right side."

The boy's face flamed angrily as he heard these words and the laugh which greeted them.

"What is the use of your all pitching into me?" he complained. "It's mean to strike a fellow when he's down." This sentence began in a bass tone and ended in a squeaking tenor.

At this the little brother at the lower end of the table piped up:

"Say, Art, you might sing duets with yourself and get a high price. They need bass and tenor singers in the choir, and they don't often find one that can sing both at a time."

Arthur threw down his knife and fork and

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was apparently about to leave the table, when his father spoke:

"Sit down, boy; don't make a fool of yourself because there is a little harmless pleasantry on your account. Go on and eat your breakfast."

The lad resumed his knife and fork in silence.

As Mr. Hanson was drawing away from the table, Mrs. Hanson spoke: "Can you give me some money this morning, John?"

"I can't give you any now," replied Mr. Hanson, "but I can send you some from the office, if Arthur will go down town with me before school. But he will have to hustle; I can't wait for any lazy-bones. Come on," he exclaimed, taking his hat and leaving the room

"Go quickly now," said Mrs. Hanson. "You won't have more than time enough to go down and get back by school-time."

The boy followed his father and walked about half a block behind him all the way down the street. As he returned to the house, he was met by his mother on the door-step with the urgent appeal, "Hurry up, hurry up, Arthur; it is

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nearly school-time. Oh, dear! I never did see a boy such a laggard!"

"I am not going to school any more," said Arthur, sullenly.

"Indeed you are!" exclaimed his mother. "You go right along at once, and let me hear no more such nonsense from you. Hurry up, now," she continued, as the boy started towards school with a lagging step, "and mind you have your lessons. If I hear bad reports from your teachers, I shall tell your father, and he won't stand much nonsense, you know."

The noon meal was, in a way, a repetition of the breakfast. Everybody had some sort of a joke to make at Arthur's expense.

"I say, ma," piped up little Tommy, "Art's got a best girl. I see him walking home from school with her every day."

"O-ho!" laughed the elder brother, "that is the reason why he is paying so much attention to his ears and finger-nails. I say, Art, you had better wash an inch farther under your chin. We can still see just how far you apply the water."

"It is perfect nonsense," exclaimed Mrs.

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Hanson, "to talk about 'best girls.' A boy who does not take any more care of his personal appearance than Arthur would not be looked at by a girl."

"Well, I will look after him," exclaimed Mr. Hanson, "if he does not pay more attention to business. Don't you forget it, young man!"

At tea-time Arthur had a little respite, as there was a guest. He was not introduced to her, however, and was allowed to partake silently of his evening meal until, unfortunately for himself, his interest in the conversation incited him to make a remark.

"I think," he began, and continued the expression of his somewhat crude ideas with the self-confidence natural to a boy of his years.

"You think!" sneered the father. "Well, you had better have something to think before you attempt to tell it. I tell you, Miss Blake," he said, turning to his guest, "if there is anything you want to know about, just ask Art. He understands just exactly how business should be conducted; what studies a boy ought to take at school; and just how the government of the nation should be conducted. Oh, I tell you

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there is nothing like the knowledge which a boy of sixteen possesses!"

Arthur's head sank before the sarcasm of his father, but not a word was spoken by any one in his behalf. As the family left the table, the suggestion was made that they proceed to the parlor for some music. The steps of all except Arthur turned in that direction. He started out of doors.

"Come on, Art," called the mother, quite genially, "Miss Blake is going to play for us."

"I don't want to hear any of her music," growled the boy, laying his hand upon the knob of the outside door. At the same moment his father's hand was laid, not gently, upon his shoulder.

"You come into the parlor and behave yourself. No boy of mine shall ever treat a guest uncivilly, as you have done."

Without a word Arthur followed his father into the parlor and seated himself in a corner, where he sat silent during the music. It was eight o'clock when the little group broke up, and Arthur went upstairs.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

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"To my room," replied the boy.

"Well, you see that you go to bed early," she commanded, "and be up in time for breakfast to-morrow morning."

Making no reply, the boy proceeded upstairs. A few days before, he had asked permission of his mother to take a term of dancing-lessons.

"Indeed you shall not," she exclaimed, most decidedly. "No boy of mine shall go to a common dancing-school, associating with all the riff-raff of the place. You can just make up your mind to that."

"But, mother," pleaded Arthur, "all the nice boys and girls are going."

"I don't care, you shan't go. It will keep you up late at night, and you are bad enough now about getting up late in the morning. So just set your mind to rest. I have said it and I mean it."

Arthur had apparently accepted the decision, but when he went to his room on the evening in question, it was not to study nor to go to bed. Hastily changing his dress, he climbed out of his window, down the porch, and from there easily slid down to the ground. Fifteen minutes

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later, he was one of the merry company at the dancing-school. It was not difficult to reach his room by the same route on his return.

All during the winter he attended the dancing-school without the knowledge of his parents. Finding it so easy to elude their vigilance, he began to take the same method of meeting the boys at places more questionable than the dancing-school; and when, at the age of seventeen, he was arrested with a number of others for some criminal offence, his parents were astounded at the disclosures which followed. They were heartbroken over his misdemeanors and wondered why a boy of theirs, who had been so carefully brought up and so earnestly prayed over, should have gone astray.

No. 2

MR. MEREDITH looked up from the breakfast-table as the door opened and a slender boy of fifteen entered the room.

"Hello!" he exclaimed genially, "we shall pretty soon have to call you a 'second table boarder,' my boy."

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"I know, father," replied the lad, brightly, "it is too bad for me to be late for breakfast so often, but really I don't know what is the matter with me. I am so inclined to oversleep."

The father laughed. "I know just exactly what is the matter. I had just such a fit of sleepiness and laziness when I was about your age. My father found a way to help me. Instead of telling me that I must go to bed earlier, he set the clock in my room ahead a full hour, and said: 'Remember, my son, you go to bed and get up by this clock. Your bedtime is ten o'clock, and you get up at seven o'clock.' Of course, I could not complain, because I had been accustomed to going to bed and rising at those hours. I knew the wisest thing was for me to follow my father's directions in this matter, and I was soon able to make my appearance at the breakfast-table on time. What do you think about the plan, Christopher?"

The boy smiled, as he replied, "I think it a very good one, and I believe I will have a 'grandfather's clock' in my room."

"I say, Chris," spoke up his sister, "I guess you must have forgotten that you were a

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'bronze' when you bought that necktie." A warning look from her mother checked the remark, and she continued with an apt turn: "But you have tied it beautifully. I wish you would show me how to tie an Ascot; I can never get the 'throw - this-end - over - your - shoulder' fling."

"All right," said the lad, "I will be glad to show you."

As he spoke, his voice broke in the manner common to the adolescent boy, and the little lad at the foot of the table near the mother broke into a giggle.

"I say, Chris," he said, "you ought to hire out to Barnum and Bailey as a whole choir in yourself."

Christopher's face grew red, but before he could speak the elder brother had come to his assistance.

"You had better look out, Phelps, your day is coming. I can remember very well," he said, turning to Christopher, "how I used to growl and squeak, and you will come out all right."

"Why, of course he will," said Mr. Meredith. "Christopher used to have just as beautiful a

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soprano voice as you have, Phelps. He is going to be a fine tenor one of these days. Tenor voices run in our family."

It was with a grateful look at both father and brother that Christopher continued his meal.

"Can you give me some money this morning?" asked Mrs. Meredith of her husband.

"I am afraid I cannot, Sue, unless you can send down to the office for it."

"I will go right down with you," exclaimed Christopher, cheerfully. "I will have time before school."

"You will if you move briskly," said the mother, "and you know I am very anxious about your record in school this month."

"All right, mother, I will hurry."

As the father and son left the house, the man laid his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the lad, and the two walked down the street together, conversing in a brisk and genial manner.

Christopher was back with the money in time to prevent any uneasiness on the part of the mother, but as he left for school, he said, somewhat abruptly: "Mother, I wish I could leave

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school. It seems to me I am big enough to go to work."

"Big enough, to be sure," said the mother, looking up fondly into the face of her big boy, "but are you quite sure that you know enough?"

"No, mother, I am not. I suppose I ought to stay in school a few years yet, but it does seem such poky work."

"I know, dear, but you won't be sorry in the end if you yield cheerfully to the wishes of your father and mother in this respect. You know how proud your father is when your standing in school is up to the mark."

"Yes, I know, mother, and I will try not to make him ashamed of me," said the boy brightly, as he ran down the steps. At the dinner-table the conversation was full of interest, and Christopher's remarks were listened to with the same consideration as those of the other members of the family.

"Say, ma," spoke up little Phelps, "Chris has got a best girl. I see him walking home from school with her every day."

"That accounts for his clean ears and fingernails," began Margaret; but again the warning

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look of her mother checked her, and she continued, "Chris is such a nice-looking boy, I am glad to see him taking more care of himself."

"Why, yes," said the mother, "we all knew that Christopher would soon begin to have the pride of a young gentleman, and I am better pleased to have him associate with nice girls than rough boys. But you know, Phelps," she said, turning to the smaller lad, "we don't talk about 'best girls' in our family. My children have friends among both the boys and girls, but they leave questions of sweethearts and beaux until they arrive at the age of maturity."

"I can well remember," said Mr. Meredith, "when I was about Christopher's age, that the society of good girls was a very great help to me in becoming more of a gentleman. Of course, I know that Christopher's mother and sister are treated by him with thoughtful consideration, but I think that sometimes a girl outside of the family can do more towards 'licking a cub into shape' than even the best mother or sister."

A look of mutual understanding passed between father and son, and Christopher arose from the dinner-table feeling himself more of a man.

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There was a guest at supper, to whom Christopher was introduced with the same care and consideration as had been shown the elder son and daughter. During the early part of the meal Christopher made no attempt to join the conversation, but at length, becoming interested and aroused, he spoke up with all the assurance of the adolescent boy.

"I think," he said, continuing his remarks to express an opinion decidedly opposed to the views which his father had maintained.

No one interrupted him, and, at the close of his remarks, Mr. Meredith said, genially: "Well, my boy, I am glad you think, even though you do not think along the same lines as I do. The objections that you raise cover so wide a range of thought that it seems to me best for us not to continue the discussion here and now; but sometime, when we are both at leisure, we will discuss the subject together, and perhaps will find ourselves more nearly of one mind than we seem to be just now."

The boy had been silenced, but in no unkindly manner, with no hurt to his self-love. In fact, he had an added feeling of self-respect

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from the fact that his father had treated him as if worthy of consideration, and with a willing mind he accompanied the family to their evening of music in the parlor. He had a little feeling of regret that he had not been permitted by his mother to buy a ticket for a term of dancing-lessons, the first one of which was given that evening. When he broached the subject to his mother, she said :

"I suppose you know, Chris, what my feelings are in regard to your going to dancing-school."

"Why, yes, mother; but all the boys and girls are going, and it makes one feel so odd to be shut out altogether from the fun of other young folks."

"I appreciate that," said the mother, "and I could almost wish that I felt differently in regard to the matter. I realize that you cannot, from the nature of things, take quite the same view of the subject as I do. But I would like to ask you for a year or two longer to yield yourself cheerfully to the wishes of your father and mother in this respect, feeling sure that we are just as anxious for you to have a good time as you are, and also feeling sure that we really

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know better what is a good time than you do. Will you do this, Chris?" she asked, looking into his face with all the assurance that a loving mother could feel.

For a moment the lad paused, and then, stretching out his hand, said: "Yes, mother, I will. I know that you and father want me to have the best time possible, and I am going to do just as you want me to do, for I am sure that I will be happier at home, feeling that you are happy, than I could be anywhere else knowing that you were uneasy about me."

Appreciating Chris's obedient spirit, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith took especial pains to have cheerful evenings at home, and soon a number of Chris's companions began frequently to congregate in the Meredith parlor for social entertainment, and Chris found that he had not missed all the fun by missing the dancing-school.

It was a proud and happy father and mother that greeted Chris on his graduation from college, and heard him say: "I am so thankful I did not leave school when I was fifteen, as I wanted to do. I know I shall be worth more to the world because I have a better education."

XVI
THE FIGHTING BOY
(FIFTEEN YEARS)

XVI
THE FIGHTING BOY
(FIFTEEN YEARS)

No. 1

IT was Friday afternoon, and Judge Winsor had come home from his office earlier than usual. As he sat for a moment upon the front piazza to rest, he heard the latch of the side gate, and looking around quietly, he caught sight of his son Max creeping in somewhat stealthily, as if anxious not to be observed. He presented a somewhat dilapidated appearance, as his clothes were torn, his hat battered, and his face red and swollen.

“Hello, sir, what is the matter? Come up here and give an account of yourself. How did you tear your clothes? Been fighting, eh?”

With a downcast face and dogged manner Max stood before his father, silent; but Alex, his younger brother, came in hastily at that

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moment and answered the questions with the manner of one rejoicing to tell evil news.

"Yes, papa, Max has been fighting, and with Mike Flanagan in the school-house yard. Miss May saw them and told Prof. Foster, and he gave Max a good whipping. You said if Max got a whipping at school you would give him another whipping at home." And the little fellow grinned in impish glee.

"So," said the father, angrily, to the older boy, "you have been fighting, and with a low-bred Irish cad. I am ashamed of you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, disgracing your parents in that way. I will keep my promise and give you a good sound thrashing. I will teach you not to fight."

"But, papa —" began the boy, protestingly.

"Shut up, will you? Not another word out of your mouth. Just come with me, and we will settle this matter in short metre."

In the seclusion of his father's study the boy received the promised punishment, until, with writhings and groans, he shrieked:

"I won't do it any more! I won't do it any more, papa!"

The Fighting Boy

"Well, see that you don't," said the irate father; "and now take off your clothes and go to bed, sir; and you will go without your supper too."

Going sullenly, the boy muttered, "I should think a whipping was enough without having to go to bed without my supper."

And so, nursing his wrathful feelings and oppressed by a sense of injustice done him, the lad crept into his bed with aching limbs and a sore heart.

"Where is Max?" said Mrs. Winsor, as they sat down to the tea-table.

"He has been whipped at school for fighting, and I gave him another whipping after he came home, and sent him to bed. Now, sit right down," he continued, as his wife rose from her chair. "You are not going up to coddle him and spoil all the good effects of the discipline he has received. Just let him alone; it will do him good. Perhaps he will learn not to fight with Irish boys after this."

The quiet little woman yielded to this voice of authority, though her heart ached for the little suffering boy who could not know how much

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she pitied him and longed to comfort him; but she felt that she must not even appear to question the father's wisdom, and so she quietly resumed her place at the table.

No. 2

MR. MILLER was a busy lawyer, but was also a man who felt his chief business was to help his son grow up into self-reliant manhood. Sitting on the porch late one Friday afternoon, he heard the latch of the garden gate and, looking up, saw his oldest son entering in rather a dilapidated state of wardrobe and with a red, swollen face. The boy saw his father, but made no attempt to avoid him. Instead, he marched straight up to where his father sat, and, in a manly way, said, "Well, father, Prof. Talbot has just given me a good whipping because he caught me fighting with Pat O'Hara."

"You seem to have gotten a little the worst of it all around," remarked Mr. Miller, pleasantly. "How did it happen that you were fighting? I hardly expected that of my son."

"Well, I did n't quite expect it of myself, but

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he is a bully and a cheat. We got into a quarrel, and before I knew it we were fighting. Miss Morris saw us and told Prof. Talbot, and he gave me a whipping."

"Did n't he give Pat a whipping also?" asked Mr. Miller.

"No, Pat got away."

"Well," said Mr. Miller, in a kindly tone, "I think you would better go to your room and bathe your face in warm water. By and by, when you are more quiet, we will talk the matter over."

Soon after Mrs. Miller came in and learned from her husband the state of affairs.

"I think Roland would be the better for some of your attention. He looks as though he needed a little mothering."

"Is n't Roland coming down to supper?" asked Mr. Miller, as they seated themselves at the tea-table a little later.

"No. I found him so bruised and sore that I had him take a hot bath and go to bed. I will send him up a little something to eat."

"I will take it up to him after supper," said Mr. Miller, kindly. And so, half an hour later he entered the boy's room carrying a tray, upon

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which the mother had arranged the simple evening meal.

"Well, my boy, are you feeling pretty comfortable?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, a great deal better," replied Roland.

"Mamma was so good to me, but she seems to feel so sorry over my fighting. It hurt me a good deal worse than the whipping."

"Yes, that is the trouble. We can never do anything that is wrong and bear the consequences alone. Other people who are innocent must suffer also; and we never know what influences we have set in motion by one wrong deed. We do not know how many people may be induced to commit some wrong act because they saw us commit it."

"Did you ever fight when you were a boy?" asked Roland, anxiously.

"Oh, yes," replied his father. "I was a very human boy, and made just as many mistakes as other boys did."

"Then bad boys can grow into good men," said Roland, in a hopeful tone.

The father smoothed the boy's hair from his forehead gently, as he said:

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"We are never obliged to stay down because we fall; but by getting up again, even though with great struggles, we make ourselves grow stronger and, as Tennyson says, 'Rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things.'"

"I did n't mean to make you ashamed of me," said the boy, penitently.

"I know it, my son, and I am going to try and help you to make the best possible use of this mistake. I do not know as we shall have time to talk it over to-morrow, but on Sunday afternoon we will discuss the matter and see what lesson we can learn from it."

With a gentle kiss upon the swollen face, the father left the room, and Roland, though bruised and aching, felt a sense of happiness in the tender love and sympathy of his parents, who, while they did not condone his wrong conduct, did not make him feel outside of the pale of their love.

A little later Mr. Miller called upon Professor Talbot and learned his version of the story. He did not know what the boys were fighting about, but he whipped Roland upon general

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principles and would have whipped Pat if he could have got hold of him.

"I suppose, then, you will whip Pat on Monday," said Mr. Miller.

"He doubtless will not return to school," said the professor, "and so will escape his just deserts."

"I think I will go and see him," remarked Mr. Miller, thoughtfully.

"You would better be careful," said the professor, "or you will find yourself in a fight next."

Undeterred by this warning, Mr. Miller took his way to the part of the town where Pat lived. He knew the boy by sight, — an overgrown, loutish lad, with red hair, freckled face, and a pugnacious expression. He saw the boy standing at the door of the cabin, and, stepping up to him, pleasantly said, "This is Pat O'Hara, I believe."

"It is, sir," replied Pat, defiantly.

At this moment the boy's mother appeared in the doorway, — a woman of enormous size and wearing much the same expression of countenance as her son.

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"Mrs. O'Hara?" queried Mr. Miller, taking off his hat.

This courtesy seemed to impress the woman, and she replied, not ungraciously:

"Yes, sir."

"I wanted to have a little talk with your son," remarked Mr. Miller; "may I come inside?"

Mrs. O'Hara stepped out of the way and allowed him to enter. Mr. O'Hara was sitting in the room, smoking. He knew that Pat had been fighting with Roland Miller, and he was ready for a fight with Roland's father on the slightest provocation.

"Good-evening, Mr. O'Hara," said Mr. Miller, in a genial tone. "It seems that your boy and mine have been having a set-to, and my boy has got quite the worst of it, not being a match for this strong young lad of yours." He turned to the boy who had lounged inside the door. "What a fine thing it is," he continued, "to have such a good, strong body! I would give a good deal if my boy were as strong and well developed. But he has some pluck for a little fellow, has n't he?" he concluded.

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"He has that," replied Pat, with a grin.

The gentleman turned to the Irishman and said: "Mr. O'Hara, you and I are giving to the country some of its future citizens. It will not be long until we shall have passed off the stage of action, and these lads of ours will stand in our places. I am deeply interested in these citizens of the future. I would like very much if your son would come up to my house Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. I would like to talk to Roland and him about the duties that will be theirs when they get to be voters in a few years. I hope you will give me your permission."

"He can do as he pleases," said the father.

"And you will come?" asked Mr. Miller, holding out his hand to Pat. "I only want a little friendly talk," added Mr. Miller, as the lad hesitated. "Just to help you as I want to help my own boy. I am sure you will not regret it if you do me this favor. You are certainly strong enough to take care of yourself, even if we should attempt violence, which I assure we will not do."

"I will come," said Pat; and he kept his word.

On Sunday afternoon, taking the two boys into

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his study, Mr. Miller gave them a talk on the methods of settlement of difficulties which had prevailed from early times; showed the horrors of warfare and the glories of peace; tried to make them see how much wiser it is to arbitrate difficulties than to settle them with fists.

"Now," he said in conclusion, "I want you boys to both be manly men, to be ready always to defend the weak, to stand on the side of righteousness, to be self-reliant, and at the same time to have the spirit of true gentlemen, governed by the law of kindness and courtesy rather than by the spirit of self-justification."

He then talked over with them the particulars of their personal difficulty, helped them to see matters clearly and shook hands with both of them. Then they shook hands with each other, with every feeling that their little fisticuff had, through the wisdom of Mr. Miller, made them friends, and had given them a new insight into their own responsibilities and a new appreciation of the dignity of true manhood.

XVII
THE IDEAL HOME
(SIXTEEN YEARS)

XVII
THE IDEAL HOME
(SIXTEEN YEARS)

No. 1

IN the town where they lived the Enfields were considered a model family. The parents were indulgent, the children obedient and happy, and the home an elegant one. They were also called a fortunate family. There were maid-servants and men-servants, horses, carriages, and an income which enabled them to live in a style superior to most of their neighbors. Yet there was something lacking to complete the ideal of home life. What was it? Perhaps a few scenes depicted with the fidelity of a photograph may help us to answer the query.

It was morning. In the well-appointed breakfast-room the table was bountifully spread. At the head of the table Mr. Enfield sat absorbed

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in his newspaper. Opposite him were Mrs. Enfield and her four-year-old daughter, Camilla.

One by one the other members of the family came in, punctually enough not to call forth any word of reproof. They were a fine lot of young folks, with frank, pleasant faces. They entered and took their seats at the table, giving no special word of greeting to the parents, who evidently expected none, for Mrs. Enfield turned to the maid, as she saw them enter, and bade her bring in the breakfast, and Mr. Enfield never glanced up from his paper. It was not until all had been served that he threw the paper down and addressed himself to his breakfast.

During the progress of the meal there was practically no conversation. Mrs. Enfield asked a question or two; but she was a reserved woman and seldom talked much. Mr. Enfield was social in his nature; but he was absorbed in his business, and at home often sat through a whole meal without speaking.

When through with his breakfast, Mr. Enfield crowded his folded paper into his pocket, and, with a brief "Good-bye," left the room and house. One by one the children followed his

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example, until Mrs. Enfield was left with the little Camilla. She did not feel at all neglected that no one of the children had bidden her a special good-bye. Why should they? All but Adelaide, the oldest daughter, were going to school. They would be prompt; Mrs. Enfield did not need to borrow trouble on that score; and Adelaide she would find somewhere about the house attending to her own pleasure.

So she tied on Camilla's bonnet and sent her out in the yard to play, while she interviewed the maids and planned the day's work, without a shadow on her brow. She knew that Roscoe, the eldest boy, was putting a finishing touch to his toilet, having arrived at the self-conscious age; that Walter, the second son, was giving a last glance at his arithmetic; that Gertrude, the twelve-year-old, had skipped across the street to go to school with her bosom friend Annie; and Armand, the ten-year-old boy, was having a frolic with his pet dog. They were all good, all happy. What more could be desired?

"Mother," said Walter at the supper-table, "Harry and Paul are coming over this evening. May we pop some corn in the kitchen?"

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"Certainly."

"And will you tell Nora to have it all shelled for us?"

"Yes."

"Mother," said Adelaide, "our club meets here to-night. You'll see to the refreshments, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; how many will there be?"

"About a dozen, I suppose."

"Will you be at home, Roscoe?" asked the mother of the oldest boy.

"No. I am going to a concert."

The evening came, and with it the young people. Walter and his friends had the kitchen to themselves, and certainly gave no thought to the work that would be caused to the maids by their frolic.

In the parlor the "Club of Athenians" conducted their meeting, and at the appointed hour Nora served them with the refreshments ordered by Mrs. Enfield.

In the library Mr. Enfield sat in slippers and jacket, at ease and absorbed in his paper. Near him sat Mrs. Enfield with her heaped-up work-basket. Little Armand played with

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his jackstraws by himself, and Gertrude and her friend Annie kept house in one corner with their families of numerous dolls. Little Camilla was asleep in her bed. All were contented; all were safe. What lacked the picture?

Saturday morning at the breakfast-table, Roscoe asked his father if he might take the horse and carriage for a drive to an adjoining town. Mr. Enfield knew Roscoe to be a careful driver and readily acquiesced.

"I wish, father, you would speak to Mike about his care of the harness. He does n't keep it up in tip-top shape."

"And, father, while you are about it," added Walter, "you might tell him that the lawn needs mowing."

"And my roses need pruning," asserted Adelaide.

"He might tie up those grape-vines," suggested Mrs. Enfield.

"All right," Mr. Enfield replied to each suggestion, and betook himself to the stable to give the orders.

"What are you going to do, Walter?" asked Mrs. Enfield. "Are you going with Roscoe?"

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"Not muchee!" replied the boy, with a grin.

"I know too much. I'm going a-fishing."

"Mother, it's my turn to spend Saturday with Annie. You remember she came over at nine o'clock last week. So I ought to go soon."

This from little Gertrude.

"All right. Run along."

"Mother, can Nora make me some paste? Will and Ray are coming over to help me make some kites."

This disposed of the family except Camilla, who was sent into the garden to watch Mike at his work, and Adelaide, who announced that she was going shopping with Fannie.

Mrs. Enfield saw nothing to complain of in this apportionment of the day to the wishes of the children. Saturday was a holiday. They were entitled to seek their pleasure in innocent ways. They could be trusted, so her heart was at rest.

Saturday evening saw the family grouped around the supper-table.

"Did you have a good time?" asked the mother of her oldest son.

"Oh, yes, the roads were fine."

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No other information was volunteered and no further questions asked.

"I suppose the fishing was pretty fair," remarked Mr. Enfield.

"Bully," replied Walter.

"Did Fannie buy a new dress?" asked Mrs. Enfield of Adelaide.

"Two of them," was the reply.

"What kind?"

"Oh, one silk and one voile."

The questions were all answered politely and cheerfully, but the information given did not exceed the exact limits of the interrogation. If more knowledge was to be obtained, further inquiries must be made. Mrs. Enfield, however, seemed satisfied, and the investigation went no further.

After supper the family assembled in the living-room. It was a charming picture. The father with his paper, the mother with her sewing, the earnest face of Walter bent over his drawing board, Roscoe with exercise book and pencil, Gertrude and Armand each with a new and absorbing book, and Adelaide amusing herself with a game of solitaire. Have you any fault to find with it?

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On Sabbath morning the family gathered a little later about the breakfast-table, for it was the rule in the family that each should be dressed in Sunday attire. No lounging or slovenliness was for one moment to be permitted. Of course, every one was going to church. That went without saying. Mr. Enfield took great pride in gathering his family into the one long pew at church, and seeing them later file into the Sunday-school, of which he was the superintendent.

Perhaps half an hour before time for the service, he started for the church. He was deacon, and he wanted to confer with his official brethren. So he waited in the vestibule until his family arrived. They came in a fairly compact group, though strongly individualized, no two seeming to be united by any bond of common interest, except Camilla and the mother, who walked hand in hand. The group-form was in deference to the mother's wishes, but this was broken up at the Sunday-school, as each child sought his own class and walked home with his chosen companion.

Again in deference to the mother, the children spent the afternoon in a study of the Sunday-

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school lesson for the coming Sunday, the three older children by themselves, the younger with her. On Sunday evening the three older children went to the "C. E." meeting, coming home when that was over and going to their own rooms to spend the hours as they chose in quiet reading. Mr. Enfield went to church. Mrs. Enfield sat with the younger children until they went to bed, when she gave herself the pleasure of a reposeful hour with her book.

So the days came and went with much of enjoyment for the younger members of the family. Father was not averse to spending money for their good or their pleasure; mother gave herself unstintingly to looking after their comfort. There was little friction in the household, and no one seemed to catch a glimmer that the home was not ideal.

Years brought the usual changes. The older boys graduated from college, married, and settled down to business life. The oldest daughter married. The younger boy and girl went away to school, and no one was left at home but the youngest, Camilla. Mr. and Mrs. Enfield, feeling lonely in their great house and oppressed

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with the ordering of servants, talked of selling it and finding smaller quarters, and so wrote their children. Of the letters received in reply I will quote that of Walter, the second son, as most comprehensive:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

It has been a long time since I wrote you, but of course you can understand why I do not write oftener. I am very busy, and this is my busiest time of year. I have been making some new ventures and have had all I could do to attend to them. Of course you hear from the other children, so I need n't try to write you any news about them.

I suppose Adelaide wrote you about John's accident. I saw Roscoe last week. He has been travelling lately for a new firm, and thinks he will be able to make some very advantageous deals. He said he had n't heard from you for some time.

I am glad that Gertrude and Armand are doing so well in school, but of course we expected that. My boy, Arthur, is growing finely, and has some special talents of which we are very proud.

You speak of selling the old place and getting a smaller one for you and mother. I should think that would be a very good idea. There really is no need for you to be bothered with so big a place. Get a comfortable little home and be cosy in your old age. We

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shall be glad when you feel that you can make us a visit.

Helen joins me in love to all.

Lovingly your son,

WALTER.

No. 2

NOT far from the Enfields lived another family of similar size, wealth, and social standing, but with a different home atmosphere. Mrs. Dawson, like Mrs. Enfield, was by nature a reticent woman and in society had no skill in conversation; but in her own family she talked well because she talked to the point, and her words had weight because not wasted on unimportant matters.

Like Mr. Enfield, Mr. Dawson was a man deeply absorbed in business, but he made it a part of his religion never to let business cares intrude upon the hours devoted to the family. He did not read his morning paper at the breakfast-table. He said if he could not find time for it otherwise, it should go unread. So when the breakfast-bell rang, he dropped his paper and proceeded to the dining-room, where he seated himself with an expectant look on his face. The children came swarming in, somewhat noisily,

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perhaps, yet at once responding to the mother's warning gesture and subduing their voices. One by one, from the oldest to the youngest, they greeted the parents with a blithe good-morning and a kiss. Yes, the big boys, Clarence and Robert, fourteen and sixteen years old, kissed their father night and morning as they did when little lads; for, as Clarence said, "If father is n't ashamed to kiss us, why should we be ashamed to kiss him?"

Breakfast, being brought in, was placed in part before Mrs. Dawson and in part before Mr. Dawson, who did not wish to be freed from any service for his family. Then all bowed their heads in reverence while the sweet voice of Annie, the oldest, started the grace which they sang in full harmony. It was a simple grace which the younger children had learned in the kindergarten, and in which they therefore could join.

" Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the blessed morning light,
For health, and strength, and loving care,
For all that makes the world so fair.

" Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all our work, in all our play
To be more loving every day."

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The bowed heads were raised, and Mr. Dawson looked genially around at the little group of faces, all full of interest and animation.

"All chores done, I suppose," he said.

There was an unanimous "Yes," in response, and little Franklin cried eagerly:

"And oh, papa, Rover has learned a new trick. He can jump through a hoop."

"Well done, my little man; you must have been very patient to teach him so much."

Franklin's face glowed at this word of praise, and he would have gone on talking glibly of the talents of his pet, but Robert was speaking now.

"I got half the lawn mowed this morning. I can finish the rest of it Saturday."

"I heard the clatter of the mower in my dreams," said Mr. Dawson, pleasantly.

"Oh, father! Did I disturb you? I am so sorry. I won't mow again so early in the morning."

"It was all right, my boy. It was time for me to get up."

"Thank you, dear, for this sweet little button-hole bouquet," said Mr. Dawson, glancing with

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a smile at his eldest daughter as he put the flower in his coat.

"I think a good many men envy me my *boutonnière*," he continued. "They might better envy me the giver."

Annie blushed with pleasure as she turned to help the little Ada to bread and butter.

The conversation now became more general, and a discussion of existing political conditions, local and general, indicated a fair amount of information on the part of all. When knowledge was lacking, appeals were freely made to the father, who took pains to explain so that even the two younger children might to some degree be instructed.

Finishing his breakfast before the others, Mr. Dawson turned to his wife as he folded his napkin.

"Will you excuse me, my dear?" he said. "I've some pressing business to look after this morning, and must hurry away, much as I should like to linger."

He rose as he received her smiling nod and, going around the table, kissed her and the little Ada good-bye, and, with a cheerful wave of

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his hand to the rest of the family, left the room.

Breakfast over, the children made themselves ready for school; all but Annie, who assisted the maid in clearing the table. She took care of the foods, putting away left-overs in suitable dishes and making note of them, also writing out a list of articles needed to replenish the larder. This done, she went to her mother, made her report, and then went to market to fill the mother's orders, taking little Ada with her.

"It's so nice to go to market with Annie," laughed the child, as Mrs. Dawson tied on her hat. "You see," she continued, "Annie tells me so many things and 'splains everything to me."

"Annie is a dear sister and a helpful daughter," assented the mother; "and you must learn so that you can do all these things for mamma when you are older."

"Course I will," replied the little girl. "Cammilla Enfield says that they don't work 'cause they've got servants. But we've got servants too, and we work 'cause it's nice to know how to do things."

The mother agreed to this sentiment, and

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with a thankful heart watched her two daughters, her first and last, as they walked briskly away, chatting merrily.

"Good-bye, mother, I'm off for school now," and a boyish arm was thrown over her shoulder as her eldest son kissed her and then bounded down the walk to "catch up with the girls," as he said. A moment later he was walking along, holding Ada's other hand.

Then followed good-byes from the other children, and Mrs. Dawson went into the house breathing a prayer for each one of her little group, — a prayer both of thankfulness and for protection.

At supper, Robert turned to his mother: "Paul and Harold are coming over this evening. Can we pop corn in the kitchen? Oh, we'll clear up our own mess," he hastened to add. "We won't make any extra work for Sarah."

"Very well," said Mrs. Dawson. "I am perfectly willing that you shall have fun, but I don't want to you to impose extra labor on the girls."

"Yes, mother, we know that lesson," said the boy.

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Annie hastened to say: "The Busy Bees are to meet here this evening, you remember, and I made a sponge cake this morning for refreshments, as you said I might. I wonder if Robert would n't make us some lemonade when he is in the kitchen. He could have some for his friends, too, you know."

"I'll make it, Annie," called out Clarence. "I can make enough for the boys, too, can't I, mother?"

"Certainly," was the hearty rejoinder.

At that moment Mrs. Dawson had an idea which she kept to herself until later, when she confided it to Robert and Clarence with the result that when the Busy Bees were about through with their business meeting they heard a rap at the door.

Opening it, Annie saw a little figure in fantastic attire, which she recognized as Franklin even before she heard the gleeful boyish voice announce, with much flourish of a tin horn, "The Busy Boys send greeting to the Busy Bees and invite them to refreshments."

The little feet scampered off down the hall, and a bevy of laughing girls followed to the dining-

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room, where they found a table set in most *outré* fashion, with a dishpan full of pop-corn, tin cups of lemonade, and pieces of cake at each place on paper plates hurriedly procured from the grocer. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were cordially invited to join in the feast, and a most merry hour followed.

When the little company dispersed, the boys and girls of the Dawson family united in clearing away the debris and making things so tidy that Sarah and Ellen would never have known of the feast if they had not heard the laughter in the evening, and in the morning found a fine dish of pop-corn outside of their door.

Saturday morning was always a busy time in the Dawson household, as each had his or her special tasks suited to the season of the year and the special needs of the family. On this bright summer Saturday, Annie, with Franklin to help her, was busy pruning the rose-bushes. Robert was finishing his job of mowing the lawn. Clarence was occupied in putting the harness in good shape, for, said he to his father, "John is so busy now with the garden that he does n't get much time to rub up the harness."

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Little Ada stood near, and chattering and wiping off the shining rings with a chamois, as Clarence finished polishing them.

Lucy was helping mother in the house, and all were in the best of humor, for father had promised them a picnic in the afternoon, and mother and Lucy were putting up the luncheon.

At an early hour all piled into the roomy carriage, except Clarence and Franklin, who were on their wheels. The objective point was the Bay, a beautiful spot where there were grass and shade and bathing and a sandy beach, affording opportunities for sport and rest to suit each member of the party. A hammock was swung for mother, and, with a book, she was left to her own sweet solitude, Ada digging in the sand near her.

Clarence, Robert, and Annie went off on a hunt for new birds or bugs or berries, while Lucy and Franklin ran races up and down the shore.

For a time all was happiness, broken in upon by a cry of distress. Looking up, Mrs. Dawson saw the two racing children coming towards her, pictures not only of physical discomfort but of mental perturbation.

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"He pushed me in the lake," complained Lucy when they drew near enough to begin conversation, and her dripping garments confirmed the statement.

"I don't care. She snatched my hat and threw it in the water, so she did. And just look here how she tore it." And he showed a break in the brim. "She deserved to be thrown in the water, so she did."

"What is the matter, mother?" called out Annie and Robert, coming up in haste. "We heard the children scream and thought it must be something dreadful."

"So it was," exclaimed Lucy. "Look at me. He pushed me in the lake, and I might have drowned if the water had been deep enough."

There was no denying this, but Mrs. Dawson made no comment, only saying to Annie: "I prepared for such a mishap. You'll find dry clothes for Lucy in that big roll in the carriage. You can take her into the bath-house and change her dress. And you, Franklin, can put your hat in the sun to dry and then sit down here by me and tell me about it."

Franklin put his hat in the sun and sat down

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by his mother, but said no word. After waiting a few moments, Mrs. Dawson said, "I've been wondering if we left my little Sir Arthur at home to-day."

"But, mother, you don't know how very trying Lucy is sometimes. It's awful hard to be Sir Arthur when some one snatches your hat and does all such things to tease you."

"To be sure, my son. There would be no virtue in being Sir Arthur if there were never any temptation to be anything else. Don't you know that was just what those knights went out to do, — to fight for the weak, to do battle for the right, to 'succor damsels distressed'? Do you think Sir Arthur would have pushed a little girl into the water?"

Franklin hung his head and was silent. At last, "Mother, don't you think knights were different from real folks?"

"Knights were real folks, dear."

"But they were n't little boys, mother."

"Oh, yes. They were brave little boys and grew into brave men. I must tell you about the Chevalier Bayard, the knight 'without fear and without reproach.'"

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Franklin listened to the story, and, when it was ended, his feeling of vexation towards Lucy had vanished, and another feeling had taken its place. As he saw her coming, shining in her clean attire, he jumped up, and, running to her, threw his arms about her and kissed her, saying heartily:

"I'm awful sorry I pushed you in the water. It was real mean of me, and you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Of course," was the immediate response, "and I won't snatch your hat any more. 'T ain't any fun, anyway."

The children clasped hands and raced away merrily along the beach, a new feeling of love and loyalty dawning in each little heart.

"Thank you for your kindness to your sister," whispered Mrs. Dawson into Franklin's ear as the family gathered for supper. "I saw you helping her over the rocks and I was proud of you."

"I'm going to try to be good," whispered the little lad in reply.

It was quite late when home was again reached, but there was time for a little half-hour together, listening to the father as he read from a book in

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which all were deeply interested. Then all arose and, standing with bowed heads, repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison, exchanged good-nights, and soon all was silent, as slumber sealed both lips and eyes.

On Sunday mornings the Dawson family rose a little earlier than usual, as each child attended to his own room in order that Ellen might have a chance to go to church. They were all dressed, however, for breakfast and at the table. The Sabbath-school lesson furnished the topic of conversation.

It was not merely a number of individuals who went from the Dawson residence to church, but a family group. Usually Clarence held little Ada's hand, for she was his great delight. He had planned for her coming, had cared for her ever since, and a part of his weekly allowance was sacredly put aside "for her education," he said. Robert elected himself as the mother's escort, while Annie walked with the father. Just in front of them went Franklin and Lucy, that they might be under parental observation. Quite often there were childish misdemeanors to be corrected even on the way to church, but

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both children were obedient and quickly responded to the father's decided "Now, children!"

During service the family was so disposed that each smaller child had a more sedate person on each side, so that decorum was fully maintained.

Sunday dinner was largely prepared on Saturday, and, as Sunday-school immediately followed the church service, Sarah, the cook, could attend church every Sunday morning if she chose. After the dinner work was done, nothing more was demanded of her during the day, as the family prepared its own supper, — a very simple meal, consisting principally of bread and milk.

Sunday afternoons, Mr. Dawson considered himself especially appointed to see that his wife had a good rest. He also regarded the time as an opportunity to increase his acquaintance with his children. He therefore took occasion to have a little special conversation with each, thus keeping in touch with their changing mentality and maintaining an ever-growing sympathy and confidence.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dawson went to Sunday evening service. The older children went to Christian Endeavor meeting and then came

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home, for the Sabbath evening hour at home was very dear to all their hearts.

Their father read to them and talked with them, and they all sang together. No wonder that in later years the memory of Sunday evenings at home became to them not only a delight but a safeguard.

The evenings of the week were also not without their charm. Although the older children were obliged to do some studying, there was always half an hour at least after supper when all gathered in the living-room to listen to the reading of some book in which all were interested. As each was expected to take his turn in reading aloud, all became good readers, and transplanted the custom of reading aloud to their own homes when, in later years they had left the "old house at home" for a new house and a new life.

The separation of the family by distance did not separate them in heart. Every day, in the old homestead, father and mother added to a circular letter which every Monday morning was sent to Annie and by her transmitted to the other children in their turn. And every day of

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the week brought to the parents the letter from the child who planned so to mail the letter that it might be received on that special day.

From one of these letters we will quote:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

I am so glad to hear that you are both well and happy. Every day I thank God that you are yet spared to us.

Father writes that you have been thinking of selling the old place and going into smaller quarters. I appreciate the fact that it costs a good deal to keep up such a place, and that it may seem too much of a burden to you now. But my heart shrinks at the thought of the dear old home passing into the hands of strangers. Every board, brick, and nail of the old house is dear to my heart. Every room is a sanctuary. There is the room where I slept, where you and mother used to come after I had gone to bed and talk to me. What dear talks they were! And how they strengthened me for life's battles!

Then there is mother's room, that hallowed place! I shall never forget the times that I was taken there to see the tiny face of the newcomer, who, mother said, had come to enlarge our hearts and increase our happiness.

It was mother's confidence in me, her sharing with me her sweet secrets, that enabled me to under-

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stand my wife better when she, too, stood on the threshold of maternity and turned to me for comfort and support.

That hallowed birth-chamber in the dear old home! Oh, I cannot bear that it should be desecrated by the foot of a stranger.

Then I love every rod of ground, every shrub and tree, every blossom, and even the pebbles on the walk. All are instinct with memories. Pictures crowd upon me so fast as I write that I can scarcely proceed. Father playing ball with us, Clarence falling from a tree, Annie learning to ride a "bike," Ada flitting here and there so full of glee. All has changed, and there is no place in the world where these scenes are kept so sacredly as in the dear old home.

If you must sell it, father, sell it to us boys. We will buy it, keep it in good repair, provide mother with a housekeeper, and preserve the place as a family rendezvous in perpetuity.

You remember we used to sing "The Old House at Home," and I wondered sometimes, even then, if the time would ever come when we could say with truth,

"But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of a stranger henceforth it must be."

And I decided that if ever that possibility were even in view, I would buy it myself. I want my children to know the home of their father's boyhood, and

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in it to find for many years the dear parents who made it a true home.

I saw Walter Enfield last week. He was well and seemed prospering. He thinks he has a pretty good thing in a Western mine, is trying to organize a stock company, and feels certain of a grand success. He did not seem to know much about the rest of the family, only the parents. He says they have sold their fine home and gone into a small cottage. I asked him how he liked that. "Oh," he said, "I think it a good idea. From a business point of view it is not policy to keep up such an expense for two people."

"How about the sentiment?" I asked.

"I don't let sentiment interfere with my business," was the reply. "Sentiment does n't pay dividends."

Mother, do you remember once when you were settling one of Clarence's and my squabbles you told us that the Enfield children never quarrelled, and that they got along with each other without friction? I could n't understand it then, but I do now. They never got near enough together to create friction. Each had his own individual interests, his own chums; they went in different social circles, the father supported them, the mother served them. There was no chance for friction.

It is n't hard for a lot of people to eat at the same well-appointed table where their individual, peculiar tastes are catered to; to sleep under the same roof where each has his own room to him-

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self; to be polite to those who ask no service but render much. The Enfields were called a model family. To my mind they were not a family; they were a group of individuals bearing the same name and having no special interest in one another.

How different it was with us! We had our childish dissensions, but you, dear mother, helped us to harmonize, until you welded us together in a true family where each thought and planned for the others, and all thought and planned for you, as you and father planned for us. How glad I am for the deep affection that exists between we children! Glad that you taught me a reverence for womanhood, and a chivalrous desire to protect all the weak and defenceless. Mother, I take off my hat to you now in my manhood as you taught me to doff my cap to you and my sisters when I was a boy.

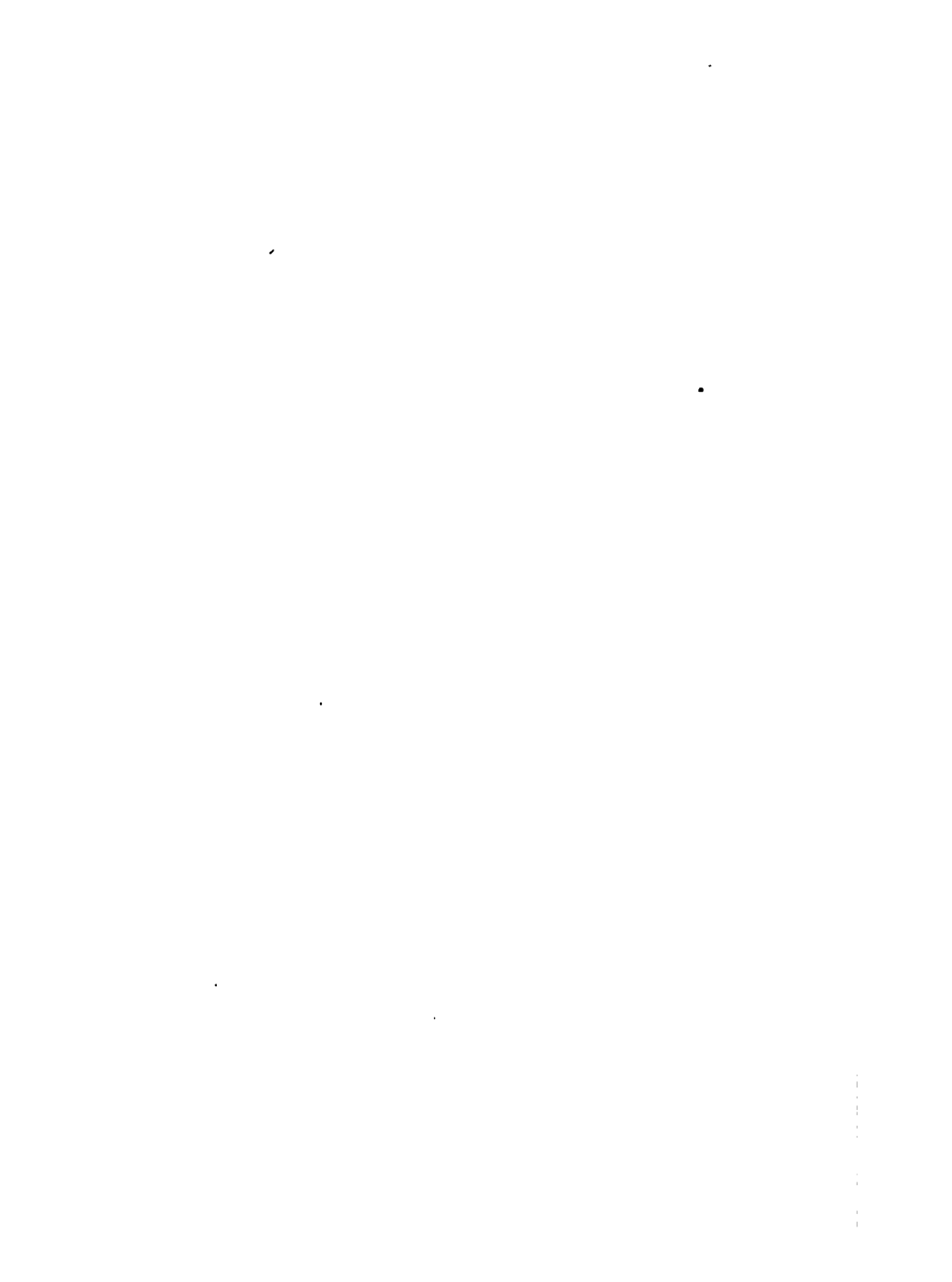
If I can be to my sons what you, father, have been to me, I shall have reached my highest ambitions, and Mary holds our mother as her ideal of true motherhood.

May the All-Father spare you to us all for many years. So prays your devoted son,

ROBERT.

THE END







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